THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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A LORDLY "GUY."

The Late British Minister to the Court of St. Stephen G. C., Doth a Tale Unfold Which Amuses at Least Two or Three Continents.

The Terrible "Irish Vote" Which Dominates America—How Blaine and Bayard Felt and Feared It—Lord Sackville "Saved From Death" by an Ocean Trip.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—An extraordinary, and in many respects unprecedented, publication by a British or other high diplomat has been discussed during the last few days among the foreign representatives to the court of St. James. This is a handsomely printed pamphlet marked "For private circulation only," and entitled, "My Mission to the United States, '81-'89," and has just been issued by Lord Sackville, who as Sir Lionel Sackville West, K. C. M. G., was the British minister to Washington for the period named.

It will be remembered that President Cleveland almost on the eve of the election of 1888 sent Sir Lionel his passports because of a letter written by him to an alleged Englishman in California commenting upon the approaching election. This pamphlet is Lord Sackville's defense and explanation, after seven years, of that incident.

But the unprecedented part of it, and the part which has aroused very much excited comment, is, first, the freedom of his strictures upon the American people and American public men, and, second, his own expressed indignation that the British ministry should have accepted Mr. Bayard as ambassador to this country while as secretary of state of the United States Mr. Bayard had wantonly insulted in person its accredited representative.

The pamphlet consists of fifty-two pages, 15,000 words, and is of very limited issue, not more than 100 copies. These have been sent under seal to leading foreign diplomats, the higher British officials and a few personal friends.

Chester A. Arthur was president and James G. Blaine secretary of state when Lord Sackville went to New York in November, 1881. At a reception given him by the St. George's society he says that Mr. Blaine was sent to greet him by President Arthur, and he made a most cordial address of welcome. In it he referred to "the loyalty of the American people, and their admiration for that gracious sovereign, his royal mistress."

Lord Sackville notes also his very cordial reception by the president himself, but remarks, "That while Mr. Blaine was using this conciliatory language he was carrying on hostile controversy with her majesty's government respecting the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."

He says he entered upon his duties with great solicitude, and continues:

"I was well aware of the difficulties I should have to contend with in combating the influence of the Fenian organization exercised over the government and which was so powerful in both houses of the legislature."

Lord Sackville quotes a private letter he wrote to Lord Granville, then foreign minister, in April, 1882, in regard, apparently, to a request or demand made by Secretary Frelinghuysen for the immediate release of certain Irish suspects. In this letter, Lord Sackville distinctly states that Assistant Secretary Bancroft Davis represented to him that the president felt embarrassed by the action of congress in the matter and "that he (the president) trusted to the courtesy of her majesty's government in enabling him to avert it."

He says he told Secretary Davis that "he must remember there was a public opinion in England as well as a press, neither of which was likely to be convinced of the necessity of a concession to the United States government on this question simply because congress was terrorized by the Irish voters."

Davis frankly admitted this and said that the president himself had appealed to her majesty's government in the present case.

Lord Sackville here deliberately states that Lord Granville, upon representation of Lord Spencer, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, and lately in Lord Rosebery's cabinet, telegraphed the first assistant secretary of state saying that his, Lord Sackville's, life was in danger and asking for protection.

Secretary Frelinghuysen, he says, declined to take any step officially, but sent him to Gen. Sherman. The latter invited him to a trip in "the president's yacht."

All preparations were made in secret and they spet ten days cruising in the James river, after which "it was deemed that the excitement caused by the Irish executions had abated."

He says danger again became imminent when he was instructed to demand the extradition of Patrick Sheridan for complicity in the Phœnix Park murders. He felt that such a demand would be hopeless, and so reported to Lord Granville, and the instructions were revoked.

He notes Mr. Blaine's defeat with not greatly repressed exultation, and says he looked hopefully to the new Democratic administration and Mr. Bayard. The latter, he says, deprecated to him "the influence which the Irish party had obtained in the constituencies, and expressed himself as determined not to allow his action to be dictated by it."

Lord Sackville then reviews at length the negotiations over the Behring sea question, and asserts that neither England nor the dominion could get justice, because the "government dared not interfere with the Alaska Fur Company, which corporation was rich and influential in both houses of congress."

Lord Sackville quotes a conversation with Mr. Bayard, of which he made a minute note at the time, in which the latter said: "The Irish vote had now become a great factor in American politics, and he might tell me that the word British prefixed to any political or commercial question was sufficient to create enmity toward England."

Lord Sackville treats of events prior to Mr. Cleveland's renomination in 1888.

"It was necessary for him to show himself more anti-English than his opponents," says the pamphlet.

He then quotes the Murchison letter and his reply, which he refers to as "incautious," both of which, to his amazement, were published in the New York *Tribune*, organ of the Republican party, Oct. 22, 1888. He learned from private sources that no such person as Murchison existed.

"The excitement over 'the Sackville incident,' as it was called, became farcical." He was caricatured. He saw Mr. Blaine four days before election, and the secretary "cordially accepted my expression of regret at what had occurred. When, however, I saw Mr. Bayard the following day, he said the matter had become serious, great interests depended upon the re-election of Mr. Cleveland, he could not ignore the injurious effect which my letter had had upon a certain faction, the vote of which was necessary for the success of the Democratic candidate." He saw a copy of a telegram from the state department to Minister Phelps accusing him of "political cowardice." He took this offensive telegram to Mr. Bayard, saying he considered it a personal insult. Mr. Bayard was "embarrassed and confused, and at last said that he knew nothing of any such telegram having been sent." He was furnished with a copy of the following telegram, received by a member of the cabinet from the national committee in New York:

"Does the president know that the Irish vote is slipping out of our hands, because of diplomatic shilly-shallying? See Lamont, the president's secretary and chief wirepuller, at once. Something ought to be done today."

Accordingly he received his passports that afternoon.

Lord Sackville quotes a statement he made to Lord Salisbury, accusing Secretary Bayard of flagrant misstatement of facts and of duplicity.

He refers to President Cleveland in bitter terms, and adds: "There is no base action which an American politician will not resort to in order to gain an election."

He quotes another dispatch from Mr. Herbert to Lord Salisbury, in which the author of the Murchison letter, one Osgoodly, was recommended to President Harrison in a letter from two California Republicans, one bearing the historic name of Harrison Gray Otis and the other Judge W. F. Fitzgerald, telling the story of Osgoodly's fraud, and "claiming for him the credit and recognition which were fairly due to him for his remarkable achievement."

Lord Sackville gives credit for the publication to "one Quay, a senator and chief of Republican wirepullers," to whom his (Lord Sackville's) letter was sent by the California politicians. Then Lord Sackville adds:

"Mr. Bayard remained in obscurity for four years until the re-election of Mr. Cleveland, when he was appointed ambassador to London as a recognition, it may be presumed, of his remarkable achievement. The perpetrator of these degrading acts of political trickery emerges from the political mire a social success and meets those upon whom he has so mercilessly trampled with a smiling countenance."

Lord Sackville says that two justices of the supreme court, since dead, spoke in terms of the strongest condemnation of President Cleveland's action toward him.

He quotes a letter in full from a manager of a dime museum in New York offering him $2,000 a week and expenses for himself and suite, if he would hold two levees daily of two hours in "my palatial museum."

"It is unnecessary," adds Lord Sackville, "for me to comment further upon the political degradation which avowedly exists in the United States, nor upon the difficulties which a British minister has to contend with maintaining amicable relations with a government influenced solely by the political necessity of the moment and whose action is controlled by a faction hostile to his own country."

"HYPHENATED AMERICANS."

In a speech before the Liberal Club at Buffalo Theodore Roosevelt of New York said recently:

"The one person abhorrent to the powers above and below the earth is the hyphenated American. Don't let us have any Irish-Americans or German-Americans."

Mr. Roosevelt would not have German or Irish Americans in the country. All must be Americans of the original type, which was known in this country, to the exclusion of all else, before the German and Irish immigrants began pouring into this republic. This type, we are happy to say, is today represented by a comparatively few specimens, and yet the entire people are expected to fall in to the tune of their music. There is no place outside of this cosmopolitan community where the blessings conferred by immigration upon this country are more plainly discernible. Nowhere else in this country than right here in New York does the grand nation, welded together by the mixing of many nationalities, appear to greater advantage. In spite of all these facts, the original Americans want to grasp the wheels of time and turn them backward. Their intention is to make of this community a miserable puritanical Jayville.—*New York Staats-Zeitung.*

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A PIKE SONG.

Wexford, A.D. 1798.

BY JAMES B. DOLLARD (SLIEVE-NA-MON.)

Across the broad meadows the sunbeams are flying,
And silver-waved Slaney sweeps gladsomely by,
But the blood of our dear ones the dark heath is dyeing,
And smoke of our blazing homes blackens the sky:
Steady, boys, steady,
Our slogan is "Strike!"
When we leap on the foe with the long-handled pike.

The Yeomen from Gorey are marching in force,
They've sworn to scatter the "rebels" today,
And out from old Ross spreading fear on their course
The savage "North Cork" come with mission to slay:
Steady, boys, steady;
Our slogan is "Strike!"
When we leap on the foe with the stout-shafted pike.

We've met them before, boys, and long must they rue
The shock of our charge and the sound of our cheering,
When we rushed down like reapers from rough Corrigrew
To find a red harvest at famed Tubberneering:
Steady, boys, steady;
Our slogan is "Strike!"
When we leap on the foe with the grey-glinting pike.

Our hands have more training for tillage than war,
And our hearts hearken back to the ripe meadows still;
But war they *would* have, and their work not to mar
We'll show them the spirit that swept Oulart Hill:
Steady, boys, steady;
Our slogan is "Strike!"
When we leap on the foe with the bright-gleaming pike.

We're brave sons of Bargy and rich Shelmalier,
And tall comely lads from the Glynns of Idrone,
And Wicklow has mustered her riflemen here—
Hearts bold as her eagles to fight for their own:
Steady, boys, steady;
Our slogan is "Strike!"
When we leap on the foe with the death-dealing pike.

We fight for our altars, we fight for our homes—
For the lives of our sires, and our women's pure fame;
And the Saxon will see when to crush us he comes
He has kindled a spirit no vaunting can tame:
Steady, boys, steady;
Our slogan is "Strike!"
When we leap on the foe with the sharp-bladed pike.

Then up! men of Ireland, whatever betide,
And welcome the foe with the front of a rock,
For Erin and Vengeance we'll win side by side,
Or die like true men in the battle's grim shock:
Steady, boys, steady;
Our slogan is "Strike!"
When we leap on the foe with the bright, rebel pike.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Two More Harvest Excursions

To the Northwest. West and Southwest have been arranged for by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Tickets will be sold on Oct. 8 and 22 at the rate of about one fare for the round-trip. For tickets and further information apply to ticket office, 95 Adams street.

IRELAND'S POSITION.

A Contributor Analyzes the Pros and Cons of Her Connection With Her Jealous and Perfidious Step-Sister, England.

How Impossible It is for Ireland to Be Prosperous and Happy While That Ill-Starred "Union" Continues.

There are many people who, while admitting Ireland's claim to past greatness in more respects than one, still say that her present struggle for freedom is in great measure sentimental, and that without the aid of a strong country like England, Ireland can never accomplish any practical or lasting good. They go farther, and say an alliance with England is necessary. We admit, they say, that your early civilization, even though Pagan, was advanced. We admire you for the high esteem in which learning was held. We prize the remnants of your sweet ancient music and literature; we admire your specimens of early art, your language and your laws, though not the very wisest. We admire your ancient buildings; above all, we admire the free manner in which you embraced the light of Christian teaching, and sent your missionaries to win over savage tribes to a knowledge of a true God. For all these things they say they esteem us (and they would have very poor taste if they didn't), but what, they say, have you to gain by thinking over them? Your glory is past; hundreds of years stretch between the present time and your period of happiness; you cannot live on memories, any more than you could on the scent of last year's flowers; turn away from the contemplation of your ancient glories and sorrows; turn to something practical, and see if you cannot discover in the strength and wealth of England, an ally and a friend to be courted and won, rather than an enemy to be hated and injured.

Well, now, this is very plausible reasoning, and it has been used more than once to the bitter cost of the Irish people. We will suppose that the people using it are actuated by honest, honorable motives, although it is a very difficult matter to believe in the honesty of any man who tells you to put your trust, or any reliance in England or English measures. "Don't unite with us," said Johnson many years ago, "for we shall certainly rob you." This was an Englishman giving us a very friendly tip. The same argument that Ireland would find her strength in union with England, was used as a means to carry the infamous Union ninety-five years ago. Behold how the condition of Ireland has improved during those long years, from the close embrace of the imperial sister, England! Hasn't the "golden link of the crown" worked wonders? Think of our "union of hearts." Sure we must be stone blind not to be able to appreciate the beauty of English statesmanship. Listen how the inmates of 167 poorhouses shout their approval of it; think of the nearly two millions of coffinless famine victims, the production of English statecraft; behold the ceaseless emigrant ship, and then turn to the dungeon, coercion, manacles, and the hangman's rope. All these things have come to us as the result of the "golden link" business. Our grandfathers were forced into a very bad partnership; the bookkeepers and cashiers were a select lot of scoundrels; it was all "put down" but no "take up;" after so many years of a very dishonest system of bookkeeping we find ourselves in the position of shareholders in a concern where the stock has been generously watered. We find the investment has been a bad one; we are paying in far more than we ever get out. When the head clerk calls a dividend, we are told that so much is required of us to keep our account even, that there is no divvy coming to us. We ask why, and press for an explanation. Then the head clerk gets angry, just the way a swindling bank official gets, when poor depositors call to get their money out of his wrecked concern. "Send for the police," say the swindlers in the bank; send them more coercion, say the robbers, where poor Ireland's accounts are kept. And that poor land lifts her face from the ground, and scorn is flashing from her queenly eyes, and she answers back the cowardly, vulgar bully—"Keep all you have taken from me, for you can never make sufficient restitution: For seven hundred long weary years, you have scourged and crucified me; you plundered me of all I possessed; you robbed me of my fair name, and paraded me before the nations as ignorant and brutalized; my children you banished from me, and in distant lands they hear their mother's cry. Selfish bully, the garb of the mendicant which you have thrown over me, only conceals the swelling bosom of a proud mother. Take your accursed hands from my throat, you vile brute. I do not fear you, I do not need you. The God of nature made me a fruitful mother. Within my bosom are stored the precious ores; my soil is still bountiful; my rivers are as fishful as ever; in my mountains and quarries all the beautiful marbles and granite abound, and my climate is as soft, and my skies as tender as the smile in the eye of the young mother. Out of your own lying mouth do I take the testimony. On my soft hillsides, and in my verdant valleys flocks and herds are grazing, but the rich store cheers not the table of my children; your accursed potato and the yellow meal of a foreign soil are still their daily bread. In the seas that surround me there is wealth untold. My bays and harbors lie open to the world; at the mouth of my noble Shannon whole fleets may ride in safety; yet here I sit on the highway of the world, neglected, oppressed, derided, scorned and held up by you before the nations of the earth as a beggar with never ending claims. Keep your ill-gotten gains, proud bully, and let me go my way. I can live without you. I can beat you and outrun you in the end. I did it before, and there is strength and vigor in me now to do so again. Oh! the cannon of my proud Protestant volunteers made you listen, miserable coward, to reason. You swore to them then that I should be free. Generously they believed you. Perjurer among the nations, how have you kept your promise? Let '98 make answer. Oh, mine eyes are looking westward, as long ago they looked southward. From millions upon millions I hear the glad cry: 'Mother, you are not forgotten:' the children left to me take courage anew; and from the dark night of faction, hellish invention of your devilish brain, I turn towards the morning star of a brighter day."

No sooner does the dear step-sister (England) hear this, then she cottons up to Ireland and sticks to her as tight as cobbler's wax. "Why, my dear Erin," she says, "your language shocks me beyond measure. Don't you know I would be dismembered if you were to go away from me? I should miss your company very much. Take my advice and don't be bothering your head about writing to your children in America, or telling them about our little troubles. Tell your children in Ireland to agitate; that's nice, innocent amusement and will keep them out of—ahem—you know what I mean—mischief. You know, my dear, that the best families have their little spats, but all the same you are mine and I am yours, so there's my paw upon it, and shake. You may run down to the kitchen now and get something from the servants. I expect to have company this afternoon, and as your appearance is somewhat old-fashioned, they might not be pleased to see you here. Be a good girl now, and I will see that my statesmen get you a good big doll and a few more toy railways." Oh, for the tongue of a Shane the Proud to curse them! "Go tell the Saxon Queen I covet not her titles nor wish to speak her language. Damn her! does she want me to twist the tongue out of my head speaking her barbarous tongue!" A few slobbering Irish idiots believe the honeyed words of English statecraft and fall headlong into the old hag's pit. Saints and sinners, what a change takes place while they are in the pit! When they emerge their breeches turn up at the ends, they sport a single eye "glawss," their hair is parted in the middle, and they say, "Now, ba jove, I cawn't," and "'er mawjesty." Even their constitutions and appetites undergo a very peculiar change. Honest corn-beef and cabbage would throw them into a delirium tremens, but the midnight debauchery, with its horrible attendants, hardly turns a feather upon them. This is only one of the advantages of the English connection. T. J. F.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

[*United Ireland, Sept. 28*].

We have not yet grown tired of the Constitutional movement in Ireland, but it is clear that our friends across the sea, the bone and sinew of the men who constitute what has been well called Greater Ireland, have since the death of Parnell gradually shed their belief in Constitutional agitation, and today there is hardly to be found across the face of the continent a single Irishman from the Atlantic to the Pacific who does not believe that Constitutionalism has had trial sufficient and been found wanting. As we have repeatedly said, there is much justification for this growing distrust in parliamentarianism. Up to Parnell's death every Irishman had at least some faith in the possibility of the constitutional movement working out the regeneration of Ireland. If, then, today numbers of Irishmen have parted from the constitutional line and have become converted to physical force doctrines, the change is due to the men who, at the bidding of Englishmen, reneaged from Parnell and his movement, and brought upon themselves the detestation of every right thinking man in the community, and upon the name of the country world-wide ridicule and contempt. Now, we are not going to say right here that the physical force idea shall henceforth prevail. Sick though we have reason to be of constitutionalism, and disgusted as we are at the antics of the men who, under its easy cloak have shoved themselves into Irish life, and who are now the degraded camp followers of an English party, we yet continue to believe that the constitutional movement now captained by Mr. John Redmond may achieve great results for Ireland, if it does not entirely bring us to the goal of our aspirations, which is Irish Nationhood.

There is no man living, at least no man who has given a passing attention to the movement led by Mr. Parnell, who will not admit that it worked wonders for Ireland. To sustain that proposition would be to any sensible man, like the occupation known as painting the lily. Did not the conspirators of Committee Room 15 succeed in their vile enterprise of hounding down Parnell to please the Saxons, it is certain that the home rule that the Liberals had introduced would never have been hung up after it was kicked out by the lords, and 'tis well within the bounds of probability that it would now be law. If, under Parnell, the constitutional movement wrought so much for Ireland what is to prevent it from achieving additional results under Mr. John Redmond and his party, who are guided by his principles, inspired by his example, encouraged by his success, and impelled by the recollection of his tragic death to complete the work he had so nearly crowned? We still have some hope in parliamentarianism. If it does not succeed in bringing us back our native parliament it will, at least, if Irishmen only utilize it on the "block the way" principle, help to remove many obstacles to our material progress, and thereby, as we trust, better equip us for the fight which is to come some day.

At the same time we are glad to see that our countrymen have not relinquished the physical force idea. Some time or other they will have to put it in practice, and the sooner they make preparations the better. It will at least have the effect of keeping up before the minds of Irishmen the highest ideal of political duty, and it will tend to show to the world that Irishmen are not ashamed of their ancestors, that they have not forgotten the heroic efforts of Tone, Emmet and Fitzgerald, and that they are determined to win their rights from England, come weal or woe, without pandering to any section of Britishers, without acting the part to England of cravens, sycophants or knaves, and without surrendering a trace of that National dignity and pride in one's country that should be the characteristic of every man helping his nation in her struggle to be free.

Now, we believe that if the physical force idea is ever to prove practical or successful it must be propagated in America. And if the Irishmen in America were really serious they could—if they kept before them high and holy aims, and kept clear of the dividing intrigues that characterize party politics in the States—muster within a month a force of 100,000 men, each with a gun in his hand, ready to strike for Ireland at the first moment that found England involved in difficulties. If our American friends are serious they will keep this possibility before their minds. They should drive from their midst suspicious men and unclean men, and they should put trust and faith in men whose characters are above reproach and whose patriotism is unquestioned. Without such safeguards no movement can be a success. We await with interest further developments of this New Movement, and it is our hope that everything done under its auspices will be worthy of Irishmen and of the great cause of Fatherland.

THE IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE

The *Union* does not share the apprehensions of some of its esteemed home rule contemporaries respecting the new organization formed last week at Chicago. We do not see how it can possibly do some good.

As to the hurting of the present parliamentary "Irish party," why that thing is moribund; it is dead: it is done for—it is decaying and is disowned even by its own creators. We refer, of course, to the party which slew Parnell and which still holds Ireland's parliamentary representation by a majority of 72 to 11. The Parnellites have been straight and true; they have not truckled to the English; they have not betrayed home rule—but what good did all this do for them? At the general elections the old constituencies walked up to the rack and again sent forth Healyites and Dillonites to continue their wretched masquerading and imbecile treachery in London. Had Ireland been able to rid herself of the incompetent brawlers who have tried to step into Parnell's shoes; had she been able to send even forty or fifty men of the stamp of Redmond to work out Parnell's ideas in parliament, there would probably have been no need and no appearance of this "Alliance" for efforts on extra-constitutional lines.

Then, suppose that Ireland gets a change of heart, suppose the constituencies are allowed to send a strong Parnellite delegation to parliament, we can see how good use could be made of the fact that a strong physical force organization was in the background. We know that Parnell made good use of such an argument. To be sure the Clanna-Gael might be held to be all sufficient to fill the bill, but it does not seem to be the function of that organization to hold open national conventions such as that in Chicago.

Such conventions are, of course, more likely to catch public attention of English as well as Americans and the resolutions while differing from the sentiments of many as to policy will, at any rate, draw attention once more to the Irish question. Public interest in that question was killed with the killing of Parnell. The Chicago convention seems to have stirred up some life in it again. So far so good. The leaders may turn out to be stoned at the start by friends of Ireland. Let us see how it will work. —*New York Weekly Union.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

DEATH FOR ELEVEN.

LITTLE GIRL KILLED AT A CORNER-STONE LAYING.

While Ten Other Persons Are So Badly Hurt That They Cannot Live — Three Hundred and Fifty People Piled Into a Chasm Caused by a Floor Giving Way.

LORAIN, O., Oct. 7 — While a great crowd of people was assembled to witness the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Roman Catholic church a temporary floor on which many of the people were standing suddenly gave way, precipitating many men, women and children into the basement. One was killed outright, ten were fatally injured, and between thirty and forty others were badly hurt. The services were just about to begin when the accident happened. Fully 4,000 persons were assembled on and around the platform, which had been constructed across the foundation of the edifice. The boards forming the temporary floor had been laid across the joists, which were supported in the middle by upright posts. These supports broke and the floor went down with a crash.

Three Hundred Persons Go Down.

Fully 300 persons were thrown into the pit formed by the sagging in the middle of the floor. For a moment everybody was paralyzed by the calamity, but soon there was a rush forward by those willing to lend assistance to the crushed and struggling people. This made matters worse, for fifty more persons were crowded forward into the hole upon those who went down with the floor. When the confusion had subsided somewhat many of those who were able to extricate themselves did so by walking and crawling over their less fortunate companions. The work of rescue was begun at once and all were finally taken from the pit.

Eleven on the Death Roll.

Following is a list of the killed and fatally wounded: Killed—Mary Weber, 3 years old, of Sheffield. Fatally injured—Rosa McGee, 3 years old, skull fractured; Katie Griffin, 8 years old, hurt internally; Mrs. Mary McGracith, left leg crushed and hurt internally; Mrs. John Fustin, aged woman, left leg crushed and chest injured; Mrs. Cornelius Sullivan, spine injured and left leg crushed; Mary Galber, chest crushed and hurt internally; Mrs. Michael Kelling, injured internally; Mrs. Kate Diedrick, both legs broken and hurt internally; John Fieldcamp and Mrs. Margaret Mackert, hurt internally.

Will Come Out of It Alive.

Those badly injured, but who will recover, are: Nellie Dollard, head cut; Nicholas Wagner, skull fractured; Leo Theobald, 3 years old, head cut; Colonel W. I. Brown, leg and arm bruised; Mrs. John Fox, both legs broken; Mrs. William Du Burgett, hurt internally; Mrs. Mary Latimer, right leg crushed; Mrs. Jacob Keefer, hurt internally and leg will have to be amputated; John Martin, leg broken; John Eustin, back hurt; Mrs. M. Bruce, ankle broken; William Ryan, leg broken. Many others were severely bruised. The old Roman Catholic church and parochial school were at once turned into hospitals, many doctors were called, and they were kept busy for hours caring for the injured.

Caused by Defective Timbers.

The accident was due to defective timbers. The contractor was told that the platform was insecure, but he said it would hold all the people that could be crowded upon it. There were between 1,500 to 2,000 people on it when it gave way. Despite the accident the services were continued and the laying the corner-stone was completed.

NEBRASKA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

Republicans of the Former and Democrats of the Latter Name Their Men.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 3.—The Republicans met in state convention here and nominated the following ticket by acclamation; Justice of the supreme court, S. L. Norval; regents of the state university, Charles S. Morrell and H. L. Gould. The most exciting feature of the convention was a resolution introduced by D. D. Courtney, a Lancaster county delegate, denouncing the A. P. A. and all other secret political organizations. It was referred without being read and did not reappear. The platform is a standard Republican declaration. On the financial question it is for "sound money."

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 3.—The Democratic state convention adopted a "sound money" platform that indorses Cleveland's administration and nominated the following state ticket: Governor, George Fred Williams, of Dedham; lieutenant governor, Hon James S. Grinnell, of Greenfield; secretary of state, Hon Edward J. Flynn, of Boston; treasurer and receiver general, Hon. Eben S. Stevens, of Dudley; attorney general, Henry F. Hurlbut, of Lynn; auditor, Alfred C. Whitney, of Boston.

From Women Who Don't Want to Vote.

ALBANY, Oct. 7.—The special state committee of anti-woman suffragists, headed by Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn, of this city, has issued the following address to the electors of the state of New York: "The committee of women organized in the state of New York to oppose the amendment to the constitution striking out the word 'male' in the qualification of voters, addresses this appeal to the electors of the state. They are anxious to urge upon the voters of the state that they should take pains to secure the nomination and election to the legislature of men known to be opposed to the imposition upon women of the unwelcome and unsuitable responsibility of the ballot."

Close of the Eucharistic Congress.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The Eucharistic congress of the Roman Catholic church completed its sessions last night with a procession led by Cardinal Gibbons and including most of the archbishops, bishops and dignitaries of the American hierarchy through the Roman Catholic university grounds to the steps of McMahon Hall, where the cardinal pronounced the benediction. It was the most notable gathering of the clergy in the history of the church. Prior to the procession the business of the congress was concluded by the passage of a resolution embodying a strong statement in favor of Sunday observance.

Many Lives Lost in a Storm.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—A storm that has been raging on the coast has resulted in heavy loss of shipping and what is worse great loss of life. Forty-nine craft have gone down, nineteen of which were steamships and large sailing vessels, and twenty-four lives are known to have been lost.

NEARLY KILLED THE COLONEL.

Demented Lieutenant at Fort Sheridan Fires Three Shots at Crofton.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—Colonel R. E. A. Crofton, commander of the Fifteenth infantry, at Fort Sheridan, narrowly escaped death, or at least severe wounds, at the hands of Lieutenant S. S. Pague, of company F, Fifteenth infantry. The lieutenant fired three shots at his commander. One passed through the loose fold of his overcoat just over the right groin, and the second and third passed close to his body. Lieutenant Pague a few moments before had escaped from the hospital, where he had been undergoing treatment for mental trouble occasioned, it is said, by over-indulgence in liquor.

At the fort it was said that the lieutenant was not responsible for his act, and that his meeting with Colonel Crofton was a chance meeting. The shooting occasioned great excitement at the fort, both because of the universal good favor in which Lieutenant Pague is held by his comrades, who regret exceedingly his mental trouble, and because it was the second time an officer of the Fifteenth infantry has attacked Colonel Crofton.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

Opposition to Greenhalge Does Not Develop —Points from the Platform.

BOSTON, Oct. 7.—The Massachusetts Republicans held their state convention and nominated the following ticket: For governor, Frederick L. Greenhalge, of Lowell; lieutenant governor, Roger Wolcott, of Boston; secretary of state, William M. Olin, of Boston; treasurer and receiver general, Edward P. Shaw, of Newburyport; auditor, John M. Kimball, of Fitchburg; attorney general, Hosea M. Knowlton, of New Bedford. There were no sensational features. What opposition was made to the majority was simply a demonstration of the strength of the opposition and there was no contest over the nominations.

Victims of an Explosion.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Oct. 8.—The bodies of William L. Jones, mining engineer, of Wilkesbarre; William Cahill, mining engineer, of Wilkesbarre; Llewellyn Owens, mining engineer, of Pittston; Daniel Davis, fire boss, and three unknown men, probably Hungarian laborers, were recovered from the Dorrance mine in this city at 2:15 o'clock this morning. They were the victims of an explosion, the cause of which is so far unknown, and which severely burned and wounded five other men, one of whom, Michael Moss, died at the hospital at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Fatal Trolley-Car Collision.

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 5.—A frightful head-end collision between electric cars occurred on the line to Puyallup, near the southern limits of the city during a dense fog. Both cars were crowded to their utmost limit and were running very rapidly. A dozen people were badly injured, two fatally. John Tournier and H. Bailey, who were riding on the platform, were jammed between the cars. The former had both legs broken, the latter one; both were injured internally. Eddie Lemagie, aged 16, was badly crushed. Fred Foy, the motorman, was injured internally, and others were less seriously hurt.

Death of Harry Wright.

ATLANTIC CITY, Oct. 4.—Harry Wright, chief of umpires and ex-manager of the Philadelphia National League club, died at 1 p. m. yesterday. Harry Wright was one of the oldest figures in base ball, and in the history of the national game he played an important part. Known throughout the country by every lover of base ball, he had the reputation of being one of the cleanest and most honorable men in the base ball business.

How Is This for Chicago?

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—Masked men held up a car on the North Shore electric line last night between Edgewater and Argyle Park. The eighteen passengers were beaten, shot and robbed. Five men were badly bruised and the passengers robbed of several hundred dollars in money, watches, etc.

Must Count the Ballots Again.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Oct. 4.—The supreme court of Iowa has decided that there must be a recount of the votes cast in this county for county judge last year. C. C. Clark, the Republican candidate, brought suit here in the lower court claiming that an illegal count defeated him. The case was decided against him and he carried it to the supreme court, which reversed the decision.

Liberty Bell En Route for Atlanta.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5.—The special train over the Pennsylvania railway bearing the Liberty bell and the official escort pulled out of Broad street station for Atlanta, where it is scheduled to arrive at 2 o'clock on Oct. 8. En route the train will stop at various cities and towns in the south in order that citizens may be given an opportunity to see the bell.

Death of an Iowa Centenarian.

DECORAH, Oct. 4.—Jared Ferguson, aged 101 years and 8 months, died in Decorah. He was born in Bolton, Conn., Feb. 1, 1794, and was one of the very few surviving pensioners of the war of 1812. Last year when he attained his century mark a celebration was held and the old gentleman danced to the music of a fife played by a 72-year-old nephew.

Life Sentence for Robbery.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Oct. 7.—The first men to be convicted under the law enacted by the legislature last winter, making the punishment for highway robbery imprisonment for life, are Tullis and Henry Welsh. They were convicted at Tecumseh for robbing an old man of $7.

National G. A. R. Appointments.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 8.—Commander-in-chief Walker, of the G. A. R., has issued a general order appointing A. J. Burbank, of Chicago, quartermaster general; William O. Olin, of Boston, inspector general, and Alfred Darte, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., judge advocate.

Mahone's End Very Near.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—Ex-Senator Mahone, who appeared to be slightly better yesterday morning, failed again during the day and evening and his physicians express the opinion that the end is very near.

Million Feet of Lumber Burned.

WAUSAU, Wis., Oct. 5.—Fire burned nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber belonging to Richard Jewson at Norrie. Jewson carried an insurance of $9,000 on stock in a Wausau agency.

THE MOB AT THE FOOT BALL GAME.

Disgraceful Doings at the Beloit-Northwestern Contest at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—The foot ball game between the Northwestern university and Beloit college came very nearly resulting in a riot. Although this was avoided by prompt action, the bitterest kind of feeling was engendered between the friends of the opposing teams, and there were a number of personal encounters. During the progress of the game Thorne, the Northwestern left-guard, for some unknown reason struck Baker, the Beloit half-back, a tremendous blow in the face, breaking his nose and stretching him unconscious on the grass. The attack was apparently entirely unprovoked and in an instant Thorne was surrounded by the entire Beloit team. Many spectators crowded over the ropes to see that their men were given a fair show if it came to a fight.

In a short time the two teams were surrounded by 200 half-crazy students from both colleges, in the midst of whom a large police detail which had been sent to preserve order at the game was utterly powerless. The members of the teams cursed each other right and left, and it seemed as if the game was bound to end in a riot. Finally a few cooler heads cleared the field and the game proceeded. Thorne was ruled off the field.

FISHERMEN'S RIGHTS IN IOWA.

Settled by the Decision of a Case by the Supreme Court.

LANSING, Oct. 5.—One of the most important cases ever decided by the supreme court of this state was that of the state vs. Haug. The question raised was whether the state had jurisdiction of the lakes and sloughs along the Iowa shore of the river. A local fisherman, Gilbert Haug, was arrested on complaint of the Lansing Rod and Gun club for seining on Big lake. The district court discharged him, holding that because the sloughs are fed by the Mississippi river they are a part of the river and exempt from the operation of the statute.

The supreme court now reverses that decision and thereby holds that fishing can only be legally prosecuted hereafter with hook and line except in the main channel of the boundary waters of the state. Fishermen's rights have always been a mooted question until this decision, which finally settles the matter so far as seining is concerned.

Cook County Republicans.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Bruised, battered, and bleeding, the contending city and county factions in yesterday's Republican primaries retired from the field of conflict to take a brief rest preparatory to fighting the battle to a finish in today's convention.

Those who had predicted that Republican convention would result in riot and bloodshed because of the strife between the city and county factions were very much disappointed. The county men were in full control, and Mayor Swift's forces were wholly ignored, not only on committees but also in nominations which were made, which were as follows: Judges of the supreme court, Farlin Q. Ball and Henry M. Shepard; drainage trustees, J. P. Mallette, Joseph C. Braden, Z. R. Carter, B. A. Eckhardt and William Boldenweck.

Tait Must Stand Trial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—John R. Tait, who defrauded the Chemical National bank, of which he was paying teller, out of $17,000, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields and released on $3,000 bail. Tait has spent seven months in the government insane asylum at Washington on the certificate of several specialists that he was of unsound mind, but a few days ago the asylum authorities declared that his reason was unimpaired, so he was brought back to stand trial.

Been Hunting for Him Thirteen Years.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 5.—The sheriff of Oskaloosa, Kas., is in the city to obtain a requisition for the return to Kansas of Jim Daugherty, a highwayman and bank robber of much notoriety. The sheriff has been on Daugherty's trail for thirteen years. He has been arrested at Falls City, this state. Daugherty's crime is burglary committed in 1882 at Nortonville, Kas. With a partner he was detected robbing the state bank of Nortonville.

Missouri Bank Assigns.

HARRISONVILLE, Mo., Oct. 4.—The Farmers' and Merchants' bank of Creighton has made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The statement filed shows assets to the amount of $124,000 and liabilities amounting to $60,000, mostly in real estate paper. The officers of the institution says that the suspension is only temporary, and that the depositors will be paid in full. The cashier of the bank, D. B. Wallis, is designated as assignee.

Over Fifty Vessels Lost.

LONDON, Oct. 4.—Much additional wreckage has been washed ashore in the vicinity of Ilfracombe, on the north coast of Devonshire, and it is thought that several vessels foundered in the Bristol channel during the recent gale. This would make the number of craft of various descriptions lost over fifty, and may considerably increase the loss of life, previously estimated at only twenty-four.

Monument to Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 7.—General Samuel F. Carey has been selected as orator at the unveiling of the Harrison monument in Garfield park, in this city, next December. He is probably the only man in the city who voted for General William Henry Harrison twice for president. Ex-President Harrison, the gandson of General William H. Harrison, will be here to witness the affair.

THE DEATH RECORD.

IRA P. RANKIN, millionaire philanthropist, at San Francisco, Cal.

Hon. ROBERT CROZIER, ex-senator from Kansas, at Leavenworth, Kan.

Mrs. RECHEL ELAM, first white woman in Chicago, at Chicago.

Professor ELI WHITNEY BLAKE, of Brown university, at Hampton, Conn.

ABSALOM FUNK, pioneer of McLean county, Ills., at Shirley, Ills.

ERIC EVENSEN, prominent farmer at Mason City, Ia.

DANIEL MILLER, prominent capitalist of Rockford, Ills.

Professor HJALMER H. BOYESEN, famous novelist, at New York.

WALDEN RAMSEY, well known actor, at New York.

FREDERICK ANDERSON, pioneer settler of Princeton, Ills.

Rev. THOMAS REARDON of Easton, Pa., at Killarney, Ireland.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 8.—The Sangamon county grand jury, after being in session five weeks, has made its formal report and been discharged. It returned 147 indictments, an unusually large number. As a result of the legislative inquiry but one indictment was found, and that was against Representative Milroy H. Gibson, of Chicago. Ballots were taken three days on indicting Gibson, and it was not until Thomas J. Bunn, secretary of the Interstate Building and Loan association, of Bloomington, appeared before the jury for a second time last Saturday that the jury voted to indict him. Seventeen members voted for indictment.

The indictment charges Gibson with feloniously accepting of Secretary Bunn, of the Interstate Building and Loan association, $395 as a bribe to induce him to vote for and the securing and making of a report by his sub-committee to the committee on building and loan associations, in regard to charges against the Interstate association, which would be favorable to said association. The names of Thomas J. Bunn and of Representative John L. White, of Bloomington, are indorsed upon the indictment as witnesses. Gibson was evidently expecting to be ipdicted, for later in the afternoon Attorney Joseph M. Grout, of this city, appeared and accepted service for Gibson and asked that the bail be fixed. The court fixed the bail at $2,500. Thirty or more witnesses were examined on legislative bribery, and members of the grand jury say there was testimony sufficient to warrant the grand juries of Cook and Peoria counties in finding several indictments.

PRAIRIE STATE UP-SHAKEN.

Earthquake Visits the Town of Wenona and Its Vicinity.

WENONA, Ill., Oct. 8.—The inhabitants of this town were greatly alarmed yesterday morning by an earthquake. The shock occurred at 1:20 a. m., and was preceded by a rumbling noise that awakened nearly every one. A few minutes later there was a shock. Then there was a lull for two or three minutes, followed by more rumbling and then more quaking, which was so violent as to shake dishes from the pantry shelves. Many people ran to the streets in their fright, and in some instances women screamed for aid.

It was over an hour before quiet was restored, and many people were so alarmed that they sat up until daylight The shock was so violent that a good deal of damage was done to the coal mines in this vicinity. Slate and rock was shaken from the roofs and veins, and there is scarcely a mine but will have to expend $200 or $300 to repair the damage.

ILLNESS OF EX-GOV. BEVERIDGE.

Afflicted with a Serious Case of Pneumonia, but Not Hopeless.

SANDWICH, Ills., Oct. 7.—Ex-Governor Beveridge came to visit his brother, J. H. Beveridge, six miles north of this city. He was not well when he came and the slight illness became a serious case of pneumonia a week ago. He became rapidly worse until Tuesday, when a consultation was called. On Saturday last the symptoms were more favorable, and his breathing was easier. He has with him his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Raymond. Mrs. Beveridge and their son, Philo, now in California, have been advised and are on their way here. While still in a dangerous condition there is hope that he will survive.

DELIBERATE DEED OF A DASTARD.

Shoots and Kills His Wife in the Presence of Their Young Daughter.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 4.—A most deliberate murder occurred here last evening. William C. Henry ended a spree of six weeks by killing his wife in the presence of Louise, their 13-year-old daughter. Henry, fearing discharge, resigned his position as a Wabash engineer Saturday night. Last evening, while sitting on a sofa talking he commenced choking his wife, and then shot her repeatedly. He then fled and has not been captured. Henry has lived here most of his life, but has also lived in Leavenworth, Kas., and Danville, Ills.

Illinois Christian Endeavorers.

BLOOMINGTON, Oct. 7.—The state convention of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor selected Springfield as the next convention city, the competitor being Peoria. The nominating committee made the following slate which was elected: President, W. O. Stewart, Eureka; vice president, Rev. M. E. Trexell, Springfield; secretary, Miss Anna E. Felt, Galena; treasurer, Judge W. S. Dewey, Cairo; directors, Frank E. Page, Chicago; H. H. Spooner, Oak Park; E. A. Turner, Lincoln; Charles E. Strathman, Peoria; T. E. Pope, Duquoin.

Smith Sentenced to Death.

DECATUR, Ills., Oct. 7.—Charles N. Smith was sentenced to hang Nov. 29. There was a dramatic scene in court. When sentence was pronounced the mother of the child murdered by Smith cried out: "I am so glad."

State Items.

On the seventeenth ballot Judge Cyrus L. Cook, of Madison county, was unanimously chosen as the candidate for congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Frederick C. Remann.

Mrs. Louisa Rounds, of Chicago, has been re-electtd president of the Illinois W. C. T. U.

Salem Palmer, a farmer living in Mendota, Ill., was killed at Chicago by being run over by an engine on the Lake street elevated railroad.

The Democrats of Cook county, Ills. (Chicago), nominated Henry W. Shepard and R. J. Morrison for superior court judges and Frank Wenter, Thomas A. Smyth, Thomas Kelly, Alexander Jones and Heaton Owsley for drainage trustees.

The state board of examiners will meet at Peoria, Ills., Oct. 21, and at East St. Louis Nov. 18 to examine candidates for the positions of mine inspectors, fire bosses, and hoisting engineers.

Killed His Wife and Himself.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Oct. 8.—A Vernon, Lawrence county, thirty miles west of here, George Napper shot and killed his wife and ended his own life by the same process. Mrs. Napper had filed divorce proceedings and refused to longer live with him. Eight children are left orphans. Napper was a money lender.

JOHN BULL TALKS TO THE PORTE.

Gives Him Some Advice That May Be Adopted—Bodies of Riot Victims.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 7.—On Saturday Sir Phillip Currie, the British ambassador, had an interview with Kiamel Pasha, the grand vizier, in which he made strong representations and forcibly urged upon him to cease making arrests of Armenians. Kiamel Pasha in reply expressed his anxiety to improve the situation. It is expected that he will advise the sultan to grant amnesty to all the Armenians who have been arrested in connection with the riots. The ambassadors of the powers held a conference and drew up a collective note. Afterwards they went to the porte personally and made verbal representations on the subject of Armenia.

Sir. Phillip Currie has asked leave of the government to visit the Armenians now in prison in order to draw up a report. Eighty bodies have been registered as victims of the disorder, all of which had been terribly wounded. Some of them contained over twenty gashes, besides bullet wounds, and others had been battered with bludgeons so as to be unrecognizable. The gen d'armes killed a few of the wounded.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—A Constantinople dispatch to the Daily News says that the Armenian patriarch has received a list of the names of 400 Armenians who have been missing since Sept. 30, exclusive of ninety-two bodies which have been sent to the Armenian hospital.

REVISION IS NOT POPULAR.

Episcopal Deputies Reverse Two of the Propositions in the Report.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 4.—A straw that shows which way the wind blows was a fature in the house of deputies at the Episcopal convention. The bishops sent an invitation to the deputies to meet in joint session to receive visiting bishops. The invitation called the church "the American church" and a motion to substitute "Protestant Episcopal" was defeated—229 to 82. The morning was largely devoted to receptions of foreign visitors.

The house of deputies spent practically all the afternoon on the revision of the constitution, and while very little headway was made enough was developed to show that the claim that the revision is not satisfactory is well founded. On every important point taken up the views of the revision commission were reversed. In the first place the entire declaration with which the revision was prefaced was eliminated as something unnecessary.

The second reversal was the restoring of the old name of the body which meets every three years. The revision commission wanted to change the name from general convention to general synod, but the deputies would not have it that way, and by an overwhelming vote decided to keep the name as present.

No Prize Fighting in Texas.

AUSTIN, Oct. 3.—There will be no prize fight at Dallas Oct. 31 between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. This fact was settled yesterday afternoon by the Texas legislature in exactly three hours by the watch. The two committees—one in the senate and the other in the house—gave an audience to the Dallas attorneys all the morning to ascertain their objections and protests to the passage of the law. After hearing the gentlemen until noon the two committees adjourned. When the two houses again met at 3 p. m. both committees were ready to report and the senate bill was very promptly considered. From the time the bill was placed before the senate until it finally passed was exactly fifty-five minutes. During this time Senator Bean opposed the bill and Senator Lasker spoke in its favor.

That Everlasting Northern Pacific Case.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Judge Lacombe, in the United States circuit court has granted an order restraining Thomas F. Oates, Henry C. Payne and Henry C. Rouse, as receivers of the Northern Pacific Railroad company or any of their employes or agents in this circuit, from removing from the jurisdiction of this court any of the moneys, securities or other property now in the possession of the said receivers within the jurisdiction of this court.

Operators Agree to Pay the Price.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct 7.—The coal miners of this district a week ago notified all the operators that 40 cents per ton and gross weight must be paid by Oct. 6, or a general strike would ensue. The operators, excepting three, have notified the miners that the price would be paid.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.

Money on call easy at 2@2½ per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4½@5½ per cent.; Sterling exchange dull, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487½@487¾ for demand and 486½@486¾ for sixty days; posted rates 487@488 and 488@489; commercial bills, 486.

Silver certificates, 67¾@67¾; no sales; bar silver, 67¾ Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds firm and new 4's coupons ¼ higher; new 4's reg., 123; do. coupons, 123; 5's reg. 116; 5's coupons, 116; 4's reg., 111¾; 4's coupons, 112; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 103.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 68½c, closed 67¾c; December, opened 59¼c, closed 59c; May, opened 63¾c, closed 63¼c. Corn—October, opened 30c, closed 29¾c; December, opened 27¾c, closed 27¾c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29¾c. Oats—October, opened 17¾c, closed 17½c; December, opened 17¾c, closed 17¾c; May, opened 20¾c, closed 20¾c. Pork — October, nominal, closed $8.35; January, opened $9.50, closed $9.37½. Lard—October, opened $5.80, closed $5.85; January, opened $5.82½, closed $5.87½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 19@19c; packing stock, 7@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 16c per doz. Poultry—Spring chickens, 7c per lb; old hens, 7c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 9½@10c; ducks, 8½@10c; geese, $3.00@3.50 per doz. Potatoes—Fair to choice, 24@26 per bu; sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.50@1.75 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.25@2.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1 lb. section, new stock, 14@15c; brown comb, 10@12c; extracted, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 35,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.05 pigs, $3.75@4.30 light, $3.55@3.70 rough packing, $3.75@4.30 mixed, and $3.75@4.35 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; quotations ranged at $3.10@5.45 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.85@5.10 good to choice do., $4.10@4.60 fair to good, $3.50@4.30 common to medium do., $2.25@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.25@3.05 stockers, $3.10@3.85 feeders, $1.30@3.50 cows, $2.40@3.75 heifers, $1.75@3.50 bulls, $2.75@3.55 Texas steers, $2.00@4.15 western range steers, and $3.00@5.25 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.25 westerns, $1.75@2.70 Texas, $1.75@3.90 natives, and $2.00@4.85 lambs.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Tuesday, Oct. 1.

The Spanish cruiser Conde de Venadito is reported to have landed marines on the Florida keys to search for filibusters.

Miles McTierman, Thomas Ferguson (14 years old), Dan Rogers, Pat Welsh, Charles Truett and an unknown Italian were killed by an explosion of giant powder in a quarry near Independence, Mo., Three others were injured by flying rocks.

There is a scheme on foot by which Miss Frances E. Willard may come into possession of her childhood home in the suburbs of Janesville, Wis. Fifty acres of the farm are to be deeded to Miss Willard in trust for the W. C. T. U. as a home for old and wearied workers in the temperance cause.

L. Manasse has returned to Chicago after a three weeks' visit to New York, where he was completely cured of an internal cancerous growth which the Chicago doctors had pronounced incurable.

Frosts are reported at St. Louis, Ottumwa (Ia.), Sterling (Kan.) and many other points in the west and south.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.

Two thousand miners in the Massillon (O.) district have gone on a strike about a plan to fix the rate of wages, which latter has been agreed upon.

The supreme court of Minnesota has set the hearing in the appeal of Harry T. Hayward from the death sentence for murder for Nov. 4.

Maud Steidel, about 16, has been found in a Roman Catholic school at Chicago, where she had been sent, so it is charged, by Father Wagner, a Roman Catholic priest at St. Joseph, Mo., who, it seems, should be the girl's husband. He has been arrested.

James Davenport, a farmer, 50 years old, the father of ten children, was burned up in the town lockup at Cleveland, O. T., He started the fire himself.

The men who began building the amphitheatre at Dallas for the big fight have stopped work until they hear from the legislature.

Jim Smith, as he calls himself, has been arrested at Neenah, Wis., as one of the Wisconsin Central train robbers, and he has confessed.

Thursday, Oct. 3.

Judge Hanford, at Seattle, has refused to confirm Judge Jenkins' action in accepting the resignation of the Northern Pacific receivers opposed by the Brayton Ives interest. He has "fired" them because they did not give him an accounting as he had ordered.

Secretary Lamont has issued the formal order making general Miles the chief general of the United States army.

John D. McIntyre, an Irishman who was a delegate to the Chicago convention, and who had been reported missing, has turned up all right at the Windy City.

Fire at Chicago destroyed the building occupied by F. Herbold & Son as a furniture factory. It was 120x200 feet and the loss is $100,000.

Charles N. Smith, who killed his own little girl and her aunt and tried to kill his wife at Decatur, Ills., pleaded guilty.

Ignatz Goldmann, a feeble and defenseless old man at St. Louis, was assaulted in a room where he lived alone, beaten into insensibility with a flat iron and then stabbed repeatedly. He is dead.

Friday, Oct. 4.

Lieutenant James B. Cavanaugh, who for some time was principal assistant to the late General Poe, will be placed in charge of the engineering works in the the northwestern division temporarily.

Superintendents, principals and teachers of the public schools have received their checks for salaries for September. The amount of the payment was $371,217.80.

News has been received from Damascus that the French consul at that place has been attacked by a Turkish mob, grossly insulted and pelted with mud.

The wholesale hardware firm of Edwin Hunt's Sons at 180 Lake street, one of the oldest business houses in Chicago, has failed. The firm was founded forty-seven years ago by Edwin Hunt, an Englishman.

The North Nebraska Methodist conference has by unanimous vote declared in favor of the admission of women to the general conference on an equal footing with men.

The war department has formulated and presented the charges against Major Armes for writing and delivering an insulting letter to General Schofield.

Saturday, Oct. 5.

The new American line steamship St. Paul on her trial run off Cape Porpoise made an average of 20:57 knots an hour.

Ex-Secretary John W. Foster passed through Chicago en route to Minneapolis, where he addresses the Episcopal convention on the subject of foreign missions He refused to be interviewed.

Miss Thompson, the Chicago young woman who was in contempt of court, has agreed to give up the required papers and is breathing free air. She did not go to jail, in fact.

The Taylor brothers, twice convicted of the murder of the Meeks family in Missouri, have appealed to the supreme court which will not hear their case until next April.

The Philadelphia Liberty bell has started on its trip to Atlanta where it will be exhibited at the Cotton States exposition.

The official appraisement of the estate of the late Jay Gould puts it at $82,934,680.

Albert Manheimer slaughtered a bullock in three minutes and twenty-one seconds at a picnic of the New York Butchers' Light Guard.

My Health Broke Down

With troubles peculiar to women, my nervous system was shattered. The physician said there was little hope for me. A neighbor told me of wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and I decided to try it. When I had taken 3 bottles I could sit up, and now I am perfectly well and strong.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

has done all this for me." MRS. C. F. FADERER, La Platta City, Colorado.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

FARMER BROWN AND JUSTICE.

Good Farmer Brown in years long past
His lot beside a stream had cast.
And much good cash had he laid down
By selling chickens in the town.
Prime, plump and tender were they all
And brought him prices never small.

But, sad to tell, there sometimes came
Wild floods that well deserved the name.
They carried off full many a coop,
And thus curtailed his chicken soup.
For many years he bore this well
Until at last worse luck befell.
So wild and high the waters ran
He found himself a chickless man.

Angry at this was Brown indeed
And sought a lawyer with all speed.
"I want to sue the state," said he.
Then danced the lawyer's eyes with glee,
And, writing down the farmer's name,
He said, "Well, sir, let's hear your claim."
With burning cheeks the farmer told
His losses from the waters cold,
Concluding, with an angry brow,
"Justice is what I'm after now."

"Justice!" the lawyer said in scorn,
"She died, my friend, ere you were born.
You say the water took your chicks;
Well, rivers often play those tricks."

"But come," continued Farmer Brown,
While deeper grew his wrathful frown.
"You must, I say, a way provide
That I may be indemnified.
Somebody, now, I'm bound to sue,
To get again what is my due."
The lawyer smiled, and said, "Oh, well,
Put up a fifty and I'll tell
How you this trouble may elude
And circumvent those waters rude."

The good man paid the fifty down,
For fair and square was Farmer Brown.
Then said the lawyer, with a smile,
"My rule beats justice by a mile,"
And, with a wink that rivaled Puck's,
He softly said, "My friend, raise ducks!"
—Clara J. Denton in Youth's Companion.

AN AUTHOR'S ERROR.

Raymond Rose sat in his comfortable after breakfast chair reading his after breakfast newspaper. All his surroundings denoted comfort. He was a bachelor of 35 years. His dark and rather large face beamed with the kindliness which comes of being thoroughly comfortable. He was neither thin nor stout. His frame had just contrived to hit that happy medium which is styled "comfortable."

He felt himself a success—in literature. At 35 his position was assured, so he must, at any rate, have been a moderate success. He wrote when and what he pleased. Just now he had completed a volume of short stories.

In fact, Raymond was one of those felicitous men who have in their life everything that they want—save one thing, and they don't know what that is.

So Raymond Rose read his morning paper, glanced around his own comfortable apartment, sighed and frowned. Then, bethinking himself of his volume of short stories, he turned again to the newspaper and studied the advertisement sheet.

Typewriting done for authors and others at the rate of 8d. per 1,000 words; paper found. Apply Miss G. Ramsay, 5 Nethercourt Terrace, N. W.

"Cheap!" muttered Raymond. "Distinctly cheap! Think I'll try it."

Then he began to wonder in his usual way as to what Miss G. Ramsay looked like, and whether Nethercourt Terrace was shabbily genteel or dirtily slumlike.

"It's almost like 'sweating,'" he murmured. "I suppose she is hard up. Wants work badly perhaps. The price does seem fearfully low all the same. Ah, well, 'tis the same for me as for any one else."

From which it may be deduced that if Raymond's talents were a little above the average his philanthropy was quite normal. Not that he was mean. No one ever thought of calling him that. Only his enemies dared to hint that he was "close." He was merely the ordinary English business man.

He sat him down before a desk and penned a note, which he addressed to Miss G. Ramsay of Nethercourt Terrace. The missive contained a request to be informed whether Miss Ramsay could undertake to typewrite Mr. Rose's "Volume of Short Stories" for immediate publication.

Then with eased mind he proceeded to forget all about Miss Ramsay, Nethercourt Terrace and the exigencies of the hard pressed typist. Some letters had to be answered, proofs corrected and one newspaper article written.

Having accomplished these various tasks, he partook of a light luncheon, walked a little by way of exercise, smoked, and finally, as evening drew on, settled himself comfortably in his comfortable chair and looked over his manuscript stories.

One or two required more alteration and addition than he had given them. One, he thought, would have to be rewritten. The rest were good enough for his purpose, which, after all, was to make an income, so he told himself. They were not great works. Critics would style them "fair, wholesome mediocrity." Friends would smile and prophesy their deservedly popular reception.

Then Raymond Rose went to bed and slept the sleep of the highly respectable. As has been before observed, he was a comfortable man, reeking little of the future and not at all of the past. Unrealized hopes, ambitions, aspirations were nothing to him. "They are fulfilled," he would have told himself had he recalled them, which he didn't, "and because they are not fulfilled in the precise way in which I then hoped that they would be I cannot sincerely grieve. Circumstances mold the man. He is a mere puppet, swayed by their force. If I am less than I should be, blame flattery and fortune, not me. I am but an instrument in their hands." Which is the way in which many sophistical persons avoid similar conscience pricking difficulties.

The next morning he got up, breakfasted and read the morning paper, as was his wont. Then he turned once more to his short stories.

Did he feel seedy this morning? Had the weather depressed him, or what was the matter? Certainly his work seemed far less satisfactory than he had ever previously found it. To his senses, refreshed by a night's rest, these stories appeared weak and dull. Why had he never noticed these things before, or, rather, why should he have noticed them now, at the eleventh hour? This sudden consciousness was most inconvenient.

"Miss Ramsay, sir," suddenly said his housekeeper from the doorway.

Raymond Rose turned in his chair, none too pleased at the interruption.

"Thank you," he said, and stared—stared at his visitor, wondering for the moment what her business with him could be. Mechanically he placed a chair for her.

"I have come about some typewriting," said she hesitatingly.

Raymond started. He remembered now.

This, however, was not the kind of typewriter with whom he usually dealt.

Two women who had done work for him were angular and hard featured, abrupt in manner and as careworn as they could be. Miss Ramsay was a mere girl, well dressed, slight of figure and prepossessing of face. Her complexion was good, her small mouth prettily formed, her eyes large and lustrous, her hair a pretty brown color. Raymond found himself noting all these points about his new typewriter.

Suddenly he awoke to the fact that she was waiting for him to speak.

"Yes," he said, "I require a volume of short stories typewritten. Unfortunately," he added, recalling his thoughts of a few minutes ago, "they are not quite ready. More than one will want doctoring if not rewriting."

"I might take them one by one," suggested Miss Ramsay. "That would save time. If you have one ready"—

"Yes, that will be our best plan," interrupted Raymond.

"And shall I do the work here or at home?" she asked.

"Which would be the more convenient for you?" inquired Raymond, trying to stifle his personal inclination as regards the matter.

"If you will show me your writing—that is, your MS," said she frankly, "I can tell you. If it is difficult, I would better come here. If easy"—

"It is rather difficult," returned the other. "Perhaps you would better come and do the work here," he added, with quite unconscious eagerness. "The mornings would suit me best."

"Very well," she said. "Good morning. I will be here tomorrow."

The door closed behind her. Raymond Rose tried to settle down to work again, but he failed—miserably. Thoughts would not come. The pen scratched and spluttered like a thing in a bad temper. Each story, as he tackled it, grew worse under his alterations. However, he made a desperate effort and completed one ready for the morrow's typewriting. Then he got up and went for a walk, wondering what had come to him. The visit of the morning would recur to his mind. Nevertheless, as became a bachelor of 30, he refused to acknowledge that his comfortableness had been in any way disturbed by it.

"Absurd!" muttered he. "The fact is, I want a little change—change of air, change of scenery, change of people, change of life." The last was quite an afterthought.

The next morning Miss G. Ramsay arrived, typewriter and all. Raymond gave her the story. She read it through and prepared to set to work.

"What do you think of it?" asked Raymond.

She laughed—very pleasantly.

"At any rate, it is not 'sex maniacal,'" she said.

"No," replied he. "I am glad it is not," and began his own work.

He thought that she did her typewriting very well. When the story was finished, he took the liberty of telling her that the work was more than satisfactory.

She only replied that she was pleased to hear him say so. After her departure he found himself wondering whether the G before her surname stood for Grace or Georgina.

In the days which followed he learned a good deal of her history. She had come to London with her brother, who was a clerk in a broker's office and received an annual stipend of £80. On this and on what she could earn they were dependent for their living, for the parents had died, leaving them penniless. It was a common enough tale, yet Raymond Rose considered it remarkably interesting.

He always asked her what she thought about a story. "Miss Ramsay often gave him valuable suggestions," so he told his friends.

"I think that your stories improve," observed Miss Ramsay one morning. "You seem to probe human nature more than you did, and your sentiment is not so artificial."

"That is due to your influence," he replied gallantly and sincerely.

The dark, lustrous eyes looked up at him and her face assumed a half frightened expression. Perhaps she caught the true inwardness of his words. At any rate that glance threw Raymond Rose into ecstasy. No longer did he doubt his own feelings.

The same evening he pondered deeply. Here was a man, with everything to recommend him—a large income, an unimpeachable character, a kindly disposition, a heart filled to the brim with love. And she—a typist in straitened circumstances, of quite unknown origin, so far as the world was concerned. True, her brother presented rather an obstacle, but then—

The picture of the brother faded from his mind. He saw himself wedded to a pretty wife, his old rooms cheered and brightened by her presence, the stale order of things abolished, the opening of new pastures warmed by the dual warmth of kindred souls. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he sat down and wrote a story.

He wrote of a man, noble and good, to whom honor, fame, riches came like the sweet rain from heaven. The man lived, prospered and was comfortable. He felt, however, that a void existed in his life. He knew not its nature, nor how to fill it. Then came a woman, pure and beautiful as the dawn, and he knew that it was she who was to fill that void. So he married her and lived happily ever after.

By 2 in the morning he had finished the story. He went to rest, feeling that it was the best and the noblest work he had ever done, although it was the unvarnished tale of an ordinary man's life.

When Miss Ramsay next appeared, her pretty eyes were red and swollen with weeping. Raymond was horror struck. Tenderly he bade her be seated and inquired the cause of her grief.

The tale was soon told. "Brother" had suddenly and unexpectedly lost his employment, through no fault of his own. His "firm" had coalesced with another and his services would be no longer required. He was to be paid £50 for his compensation and sent about his business.

"You must let me help you," exclaimed Raymond Rose sympathetically. Then, on a sudden, an idea flashed into his mind, flooding it with joy. For the first time in his life he blessed that brother. Would not the catastrophe make that task easier? The girl was at this moment threatened with destitution. He gave not a thought to the ungenerous side of the question.

"No," said he eagerly as Miss Ramsay wearily began her typewriting. "I don't wish you to do that today. You are in trouble. Here is a new story. I wrote it last night. I want you to read it and give me your opinion as you always do. I want to know whether you consider the ending is good."

Mechanically she took the manuscript from his hand. She read it at first vaguely and without understanding its particular import. Then she suddenly became aware that his eyes were fixed upon her face with a burning, passionate gaze.

"You think it good?" he queried as she finished. "It ends well, does it not? Miss Ramsay, you are reading the story of my life, for I love you."

And he came toward her, with eyes aglow, never doubting that his own passion would carry all before it. He caught her slender wrist and kissed the small hand again and again.

But she shrank away from him, while her face grew crimson.

"Give me time to think, Mr. Rose," cried she piteously. "I did not know—indeed I did not know. You are good and kind"—

Then Raymond lost his head. He stooped and kissed her lips.

"You need no time," he muttered fiercely. "You are poor, destitute—and I love you."

"Let me go now, please."

Raymond started at her tone. Then, seeing that she was in earnest, he opened the door for her and stood meekly by while she passed out. Whereupon he sat down on a chair with an indistinct sense of having done something very foolish.

"I have made a mistake," he said wearily to himself. "But she will come round. A sensible woman such as she is will not refuse an offer of that sort."

But although Raymond had written of women, and had made capital out of his writings, he had quite failed to grasp the fact that the sex is a strangely delicate organism, liable to be thrown out of gear by the faintest discordant movement.

Three days later there came a letter:

DEAR MR. ROSE—I have come to the conclusion that the end of your story was, so far as I am concerned, incorrect. Owing to the kindness of an old friend, my brother has obtained a little work, which will suffice to keep us from starvation. This and other considerations, which you will doubtless understand, induce me to decline your no doubt kindly meant offer of three days since. Yours sincerely, GRACE RAMSAY.

Raymond Rose cast the letter upon the floor and said bad words, cursing in turns the various classes of typists, brothers and "old friends." Then he packed a portmanteau and went to Switzerland for his long contemplated change of air. He climbed the Matterhorn and sailed down the lake of Lucerne, coming back after one month's traveling to his old rooms and to his old comfortable ways, also to some old friends, who declared that he never looked so well in his life.—Illustrated Bits.

Voltaire's Story.

The almost invariable result of an official being obliged to pay a large sum for any important government appointment was that, as soon as he was installed in the post, he sought to recoup himself for the outlay by practicing the most outrageous form of extortion. This evil pervaded every department of the state, even the French judiciary, prior to the revolution, being notoriously corrupt. More especially was this the case with the farmers of the revenue, who, at the same time, oppressed the people and defrauded the government.

In this connection an anecdote is related of Voltaire. He was spending a few days at the house of a friend. It was proposed one evening by his host that to while away the time each of the gentlemen should tell a story of some celebrated robber. This was agreed to, and the exploits of Cartouche, Madrin and others were dwelt upon. Finally it became Voltaire's turn. He rose, lighted a bedroom candle, "Gentlemen, there was once a fermier general." With not another word he bowed gravely to the company and walked out of the room. He evidently thought to add anything to the fact that the individual referred to was a farmer of the revenue would be superfluous, as necessarily his exploits as a robber must have far surpassed those of any of the persons whose deeds had formed the topic of conversation.—Cornhill Magazine.

An Indignity.

"I've been insulted," said Meandering Mike. "I never was so downtrod and humiliated in my life."

"What's happened?" inquired Plodding Pete anxiously.

"I've been offered work."

"Cheer up. Wuss things hez happened."

"Nope. Never. 'Twas a job in a soap factory."—Washington Star.

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Meeting an Old Comrade.

On July 25, 1813, an unsuccessful attempt was made to carry San Sebastian itself by assault. Colin Campbell, with 20 men of the light company of his regiment, constituted the forlorn hope at the great breach, and on reaching the top he was shot through the right hip and fell to the bottom. Again ascending, he was shot through the inner part of the left thigh, and Graham in his dispatch said, "I beg to recommend to you Lieutenant Campbell of the Ninth, who led the forlorn hope, and who was severely wounded in the breach." In 1857—viz, 44 years after the siege—Colin Campbell was inspector general of infantry.

"While," said Campbell, "I was inspecting the depot at Chichester I noticed that an old man, evidently an old soldier, though in plain clothes, was constantly on the ground and apparently watching my movements. As I was leaving the barrack yard at the end of the inspection he came toward me, drew himself up, made the military salute and with much respect said: 'Sir Colin, may I speak to you? Look at me, sir. Do you recollect me?' I looked at him and replied, 'Yes, I do.' 'What is my name?' he asked. I told him. 'Yes, sir, and where did you last see me?' 'In the breach of San Sebastian,' I replied, 'badly wounded by my side.' 'Right, sir,' answered the old soldier. 'I can tell you something more,' I added. 'You were No. —— in the front rank of my company.' 'Right, sir,' said the veteran.

"I was putting my hand in my pocket to make the old man a present, when he stepped forward, laid his hand on my wrist and said: 'No, sir. That is not what I want, but you will be going to Shorncliffe to inspect the depot there. I have a son in the Inniskillings quartered at that station, and if you will call him out and tell him that you knew his father that is what I should wish.'"—Athenæum.

In the Cab of a Fast Locomotive.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauges and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand ready for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but is not as bad as that heard in a car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past us when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead—and therefore the speed seems less as the objects are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at 90 miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road, and there are many such, the engine is not "shaken and swayed in a terrific manner," but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.—Railroad Gazette.

They All Thumped.

He was a typical gamin—ragged, unwashed and seemingly taking a heap of comfort as he sat munching an apple on the steps of a tenement house in Elizabeth street the other evening. As I sat down beside him I asked:

"Well, how are you getting along?"

"All right," he replied.

"Father in work?"

"Yes; he's in work, but he only gits his board and clothes out of it. Dad's over on the island fur 60 days fur thumpin mam."

"And your mother—she lives up stairs, I suppose?"

"She did," he answered, "but she's doin 15 days' time fur thumpin me."

"Then you are keeping house alone, eh?"

"Yes, I shall be now. I just got home myself today."

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, I got five days for thumpin a kid as laffed when ma was arrested."

"You seem to be a thumping sort of family," I said as he gnawed away at his apple.

"Yes, I guess so," he replied, "and you haven't seen the hull of us yit. I've a brother who hangs out around the corner, and I'm expectin him along here every minit."

"Yes, and what will your brother do?"

"If I'm alone, he won't thump nobody but me, but if you are here he'll thump both of us together!"

I gave him a nickel cigar as a reward of merit, and moved on before the brother appeared.—Detroit Free Press.

Bathed Before He Started.

The late Sir Charles Napier, rightly or wrongly, had the credit of not being very partial to ablution. Wicked men say that when he went out to take the command in chief of the army, after the reverse of Cillianwallah, he proceeded, immediately after landing at Calcutta, to see Lord Dalhousie at the government house. He was, of course, cordially received. "I am very glad to see you, Sir Charles," said the governor general, "you have not come before you were wanted. We must have a long talk together. But in the first place we must have dinner, which will soon be ready, and there is just time to get a bath first."

"Thank you, my lord," responded Sir Charles; "I shall be quite ready for dinner, but I don't want a bath—I had a good wash at Alexandria."—London Telegraph.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Too Much Johnson."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Sphinx."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"For Fair Virginia."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Seabrooke in "A World of Trouble."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Julia Marlowe Taber.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Mme. Sans Gene."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Katie Emmet."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Finnigan's Ball."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DUBLIN'S EDITORIAL INGRATES.

It seems to THE CITIZEN that the *Irish Daily Independent*, published in Dublin, would display much better taste if it waited to read the full report of the recent Irish National Convention, which inaugurated the New Movement, before commenting in a currish and caddish manner upon it. It may please the English and their friends to call Mr. Finerty "a crank" and to say "he is not taken seriously"—a stock phrase of British political gibberish which means nothing but impertinence—but it is no light thing for an Irish paper, claiming to be National to seek to personally insult the chairman, spontaneously chosen, of a great and representative Irish-American convention. By insulting him they doubly insult the body over which he presided. The Irish papers were very glad to pat, so to speak, Mr. Finerty and his friends on their heads, when they were sending over piles of good American money to help out the parliamentary delusion. Parnell and the rest of them—the Redmonds included—were very glad of his assistance and alliance in the past, but now their organ, because he dares to voice the sentiments of every sincere Irish Nationalist in America, has no better name for him than the flippant one, written by a flippant fool, of "a crank." At all events, he is not a liar and a lickspittle, like some of his maligners, who are ever ready to do the dirty work of their British masters like the low-souled skulks and cowards they are. There was not a sentiment uttered, or a resolution adopted, at the Chicago convention with which any decent Irishman, the world over, can justly find fault. It was a gathering that reflected credit on the Irish race throughout the world; it set an example which the Redmonds and their ilk would do well to follow, and it can afford to scorn the slanders cast upon it by some obscure editorial scribbler in a Dublin garret.

It must be exceedingly easy to gull the Dublin newspapers anyway. A person who signs himself "Fred Allan," writing to the *Evening Herald* of that city recently, says: "I notice by your report of the New Movement convention in today's *Independent* a reference to Dublin, which I think should not be allowed to pass unnoticed by Dublin Nationalists. We are told that one of the subjects for discussion is 'the question of commemorating the centenary of Robert Emmet's execution in Dublin by a demonstration which should be as historic as the death of Emmet.' The New Conventionists might very well have left this out of their programme. It is a far cry to 1903, and one may safely prophesy that this latest of New Movements will long before then have shared the fate of all other 'new' movements that were to have done so much. Dublin Nationalists have always held the name of Robert Emmet in the most holy reverence, and this attempt to drag it into the middle of their clap-trap will not help these New Movement people."

There was no resolution dealing with the Emmet centenary before the convention in any shape whatever. It was not considered, and, therefore, was not discussed; but if it had been, who had a better right to honor the memory of the martyr than the men who publicly proclaimed his principles? The "New Movement people" did not need to "drag" the name of Emmet into their councils. His name and fame have an abiding place in their hearts, and each year, throughout this country, "Emmet's Day," March Fourth, divides the honors with the natal anniversary of St. Patrick. Mr. Allan's ruffianly comments on the personnel of the convention which, for the sake of common decency we do not reproduce, are utterly beneath notice. He must have studied courtesy among the corner boys of the Irish metropolis.

The *Independent* also attacks the personnel of the recent convention, and asks outside of a few, naming them, who else of influence was there? Surely, Ireland has heard of Maurice F. Wilbere and Patrick O'Neill, of Philadelphia, the one ex-president and present chairman of the National Directors of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America, and the other State president of the Hibernians of Pennsylvania. There was also the Hon. Thomas Dundon, National Treasurer of the Ancient Order. O'Neill Ryan, a leading lawyer of the great city of St. Louis; Hon. John Fitzpatrick, mayor of the city of New Orleans; Thos. H. Greevy, one of the foremost lawyers of Pennsylvania; James Killelea, president of the Hibernian Benevolent Association of Nashville, Tenn.; M. J. Martin, a leading business man of the same city; John M. Leonard, of Fall River, Mass., one of the best known Irishmen in America; Capt. P. H. Coney, of Topeka, Kan., a dashing Union soldier and man of affairs; Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick and Hon. E. O'Connell, of Illinois; Capt. Mangan, of Wisconsin, a glorious veteran of Gettysburg; and if not present, at least closely identified with the movement, Ex-Congressman Weadock, of Michigan; Mr. William Fitzgerald, editor of the *Catholic Journal of the New South*; Hon. O'Brien Atkinson, of Michigan; and hundreds of others well known to fame.

Who were the rest? The bone and sinew, the rank and file, the body and spirit of the Irish race in America—men whose names do not often appear in the newspapers, but men of heart and brain, whose courage and sagacity may be relied upon in any extremity. When the American daily newspapers, edited mostly by gentlemen who have neither Irish blood, nor Irish national sympathies in their veins or in their bosoms, say of the convention that it was one of the most orderly, respectable and businesslike bodies that ever assembled to discuss public affairs, surely Irish editors ought to hesitate before aspersing it. We can understand, of course, that the parliamentary party, or its fragments, are interested in trying to belittle the convention, because its proceedings virtually cut off further American supplies, of any moment, from them, but they cannot long deceive or hoodwink the people of Ireland, who know by instinct their attached and loyal friends. We very much fear the Redmondite faction in particular is "inspired" by certain pernicious malignants on this side of the Atlantic who have been professional "architects of ruin" for many weary years. The Redmondites and their organs should wait for the full reports and avoid the fault of being "too previous" in their censures.

HILDRETH NOT GILBERT.

In the remarks of Mr. Finerty at the banquet of the Fellowship Club Wednesday evening, one of the city dailies gives credit to Mr. James H. Gilbert for having driven a wagon loaded with kegs of powder through the burning streets for the purpose of blowing up houses to prevent the further spread of the Fire. We have no doubt Mr. Gilbert would have done so, had he been on the spot, but the man who performed the heroic act, worthy the days of chivalry, was ex-Ald. James H. Hildreth, and Mr. Finerty said so.

CONSTITUTIONAL MALIGNANTS.

The "three tailors of Tooley street," who, on a certain important occasion presumed to represent the sentiments of the English people in regard to Napoleon III, have their counterparts in this country. We learn that three Pittsburg men—one of whom was admitted as a delegate to, while the other two were excluded from, the recent convention—have put their heads together and "repudiated" said convention. This is rich. It is about the same as an aerolite "repudiating" the solar system, or old buffalo bulls, ejected from the herd, repudiating the bison race. In nearly every big city, there will always be found a few cantankerous Irishmen who hate their own countrymen for the love of God and the edification of the common enemy. They are born howlers. They began it in their cradles and they have kept the howl up ever since. It is useless to try to "unite" with them—they won't be united, unless they are allowed to rule or ruin. Everything must originate with them, and if it does not, then it is no good whatever.

These malcontents have a strong family resemblance to each other. They are generally small, thin fellows, with gooseberry eyes, mostly short-sighted, stubbly hair, sparse whiskers, contracted brows, and an air of awe-compelling mystery. Also they are as cross and quarrelsome as a kish full of wild-cats. Their suspicion is equal to their crossness, and they have a natural talent for raising Cain in any community unfortunate enough to include them among its citizens.

If the evil done by their vagaries were confined to themselves, it would be too trifling to merit notice, but, unhappily, many honest, well meaning men are too often deluded and demoralized by their falsehoods and misrepresentations. They proceed on the lines of the well known political adage, "Throw plenty of mud; some of it is sure to stick." In this way they have proceeded, taking advantage of every occasion that arises to asperse their own flesh and blood, and enable the enemies of the Irish race to dwell, for their own sinister motives, on Irish feud and faction. As a matter of fact, the factionists are few in number, and are a show all by themselves. Nobody of sense wants anything to do with them. Their stock of lies is now about exhausted, and the American public has had quite enough of them. Consequently their power for evil in the future is greatly diminished, if not entirely destroyed.

SUPPLYING AN OMISSION.

In the late editorial mention of the good work done by the Executive Committee which had in charge the arrangements for the Irish National Convention held here in September, the names of Mr. Lawrence Henely, Mr. P. B. Flanagan, Mr. J. C. Strain and Mr. H. S. Fleming were accidentally omitted. No members of the committee did better work than the four gentlemen named, and THE CITIZEN is glad to have the opportunity of doing their services justice. All four are veterans in the cause of Irish liberty. Mr. Henely is particularly well known as a leading figure in the councils of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, whose State President he has been. He is now Treasurer of the United Irish Societies—a position that he fills with zeal and ability. Messrs. Flanagan, Strain and Fleming are also stalwart workers in the cause, and are never absent from any post to which duty may call them.

WHOPPING ENGLISH LIES.

As a specimen of first class English lying, the following telegraphed from Chicago to the British and Irish press on Sept. 26 takes first prize:

"The Irish convention today appointed a committee to arrange for the formation of a standing army which is to be ready for action at a moment's notice, and prepared either to defend Ireland or invade England. Mr. Finerty, the chairman, claimed at today's meeting that he had had assurances from persons of wealth in almost every country that funds would be forthcoming to support such an army provided it was soon formed. The committee was instructed to consider what weapons should be used for the equipment of the proposed army, and to examine the latest inventions in the way of bombs, torpedoes, and similar explosive weapons of warfare. The attendance at the convention today was again very large."

Of course, there is not a word of truth in the report relative to "the standing army" or Mr. Finerty's alleged statement relative to the funds. But it is in this way the history of Ireland and of Irish movements has always been written by the English. The truth is not in England or her agents.

CELEBRATED THE FIRE ANNIVERSARY.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of the great Chicago fire was appropriately celebrated on Wednesday evening by the Fellowship Club at Kinsley's; by the Marquette Club at the club house, and by the First Regiment Illinois National Guard at the Armory. All three demonstrations were of a particularly high standard, that of the Fellowship Club being unrivalled for uniqueness of design. The Fire was recalled by speech, song, recitation, panorama and practical illustration. All the waiters were dressed as firemen; and the bills of fare, napkins, glasses, chinaware and other paraphernalia were of a scarlet hue. Mr. M. E. Stone presided. Mr. Ferd W. Peck officiated as toastmaster, and the speakers were R. A. Williams, who was Marshal at the time of the fire; First Assistant Marshal Musham; F. Willis Rice, secretary of the club; Gen. Wesley Merritt, U. S. A.; Mayor Swift, John F. Finerty, Rev. E. M. Stires, and Hon. T. B. Bryan. Mr. Eugene Field gave two of his inimitable original recitations; and two French artists delighted the audience by their clever impersonations and mimicry. The speakers at the Marquette Club were President De Witt, A. W. Palmer, Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan; Rev. R. A. White, James H. Hoyt, William Alden Smith, of Michigan, the Mayor and others.

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE.

THE CITIZEN is exceedingly loth to believe that any Catholic clergyman would act in the manner described in the subjoined telegram:

"PORT HURON, Mich., Oct. 9.—Fred A Smith, an old soldier, was buried this morning under the auspices of William Sanborn Post, G. A. R. The services were held at St. Joseph's church and conducted by Father Spaeth. When the pallbearers arrived at the church door they were requested by Father Spaeth to remove their Grand Army badges. This they refused to do, and remained outside until the services were over. The veterans are angry, and say they earned the right to wear those badges, and they did not propose to remove them in church or anywhere else when requested to do so, even by the clergy. The request, it is claimed, was made in accordance with the rules of the church."

CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

President Clark—By Jove, Hotz, I fear we must give way on the age limit rule.

Hotz—Yes, make it a hundred; that will about cover all applicants.

Waller—Yes, let Uncle Jimmie Lane have a chance at the "exam." He'll be a hundred next year.

Clark—Those d—d Vets, and that dreadful CITIZEN and the *Chronicle*. I should have thought, after the example I set, Martin Russell would have stood by the limit.

Hotz—Russell is going to run for mayor, on the Democratic ticket, in '97.

Waller—Why, no, Alf. Trude has got the inside track on that.

Clark—I was thinking of succeeding Swift myself, but Madden gave him a black eye that will do for both of us. But, you know gentlemen, we mustn't talk politics.

Waller—Oh, that is all stuff and nonsense. A man from Kentucky not talk politics. But, Clark, you're a Michigander.

Hotz—Well what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Waller—Who's a goose?

Hotz—Swift is a goose—a plucked goose. Did you ever see him without his hat?

Clark (feeling for some hair on the top of his head)—No personalities, gentlemen.

Waller—All right, but what are we going to do about this bursted age limit.

Clark—Make the physical examination harder, so nobody over forty-five can pass it.

Waller—Well thought of. You should have been born in Kentucky.

Clark (calls)—Phelps, send for Dr. Blank.

Phelps—*Oui, Sire.*

Enter Dr. Blank.

Clark—Doctor, we are compelled to abrogate the age limit, but we want to put all candidates through a course of sprouts. They must be physically examined, nude as Adam.

Dr. Blank—All right, but it will be loads of work.

Clark—Oh, we'll manage that. Who the d—l is that knocking so loud?

Phelps—A candidate for a clerical position.

Clark—Let him enter.

Enter old soldier candidate, sixty years of age.

Clark—You have passed the mental examination?

Old Soldier—Yes.

Clark—We have made a rule that you must be physically examined, in a state of nature.

Old Soldier—What, at my age? Respect my gray hairs.

Clark—If you desire a clerical position you must submit to the rule.

Old Soldier—I am hard up. My wife is sick and needs food and clothing. I submit under protest.

Dr. Blank—Peel!

The old soldier disrobes and stands before the ruthless local inquisition in the garb of Adam.

Dr. Blank—What a number of cicatrices! You were frequently wounded?

Old Soldier—A dozen times or so.

Dr. Blank—Hop on your right leg the length of the room.

The old man does it painfully.

Dr. Blank—Now hop back again on your left leg.

The old warrior does it still more painfully.

Dr. Blank—Now, stoop so as to touch the ground with your fingers.

The old man, after much painful straining, accomplishes the feat.

Dr. Blank—Now, take and jump over the back of that chair.

The old man tries the jump, trips and falls on his face, cutting his nose and forehead.

Dr. Blank—That's a mark against you. Now turn a somersault.

Old Soldier—I'll be d—d if I do! Turn it yourself!

Clark—No profanity here!

Old Soldier—Shut up, you d—d old coffee cooler!

Clark—This is outrageous. Begone, sir.

Old Soldier—I can't go naked on the streets.

Clark—Well, yet on your rags as soon as possible and get out. Call the next applicant.

Enter an enormous Irishman, who wishes to be a policeman.

Clark—How old are you?

Candidate—Twenty-eight going on twenty-nine.

Clark—Take him, Blank.

Dr. Blank—Peel!

Candidate—What, expose myself like a haythen?

Dr. Blank—Exactly so.

Candidate "peels."

Dr. Blank—What magnificent proportions! Open your mouth.

Candidate does as directed.

Dr. Blank—I'll have to get a chair to look down this cavern.

Clark—Here, take mine.

Dr. Blank (mounting the chair)—Now draw a deep breath.

The big Irishman does so, and the little doctor is sucked down the immense throat, leaving only his feet protruding.

Clark—Here, Hotz, Waller, Phelps! quick! quick! Help me pull his leg.

All—Whose leg?

Clark—Why, Doctor Blank's. The Irishman has swallowed him like an oyster!

All—For God's sake!

Clark—Here, all of you; lay hold and pull!

They give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, and Dr. Blank is drawn forth almost suffocated.

Candidate—Holy St. Patrick but I'm almost choked!

Dr. Blank (gasping)—Where was I at?

Waller—Where Jonah was, in the whale's belly. But take it easy, man. You're all right now. Remember Job's patience.

Dr. Blank—Job be hanged! He was never half way down a big Irishman's throat. What powerful suction! I'll make a note of it for the medical magazines. I'll resign this job.

Exeunt omnes.

THE mastiff-like dignity of the late Irish National Convention has set all the cranky little newspaper curs of the country barking at its heels.

THE babies' poet laureate, Owen (generally called Eugene) Field, who was born in the county Kerry, Ireland, about sixty years since, had better not be stealing Sir Boyle Roche's bulls to put them in other people's mouths. Fooling with the historical buzz-saw is dangerous, Friend Owen. Cows in Kerry wear horns, Owen, but the bulls are nearer home—in your own sanctum, on stock, for instance.

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN returned to the city last week after spending a pleasant six weeks' vacation on the continent of Europe.

FOLLOWING are the candidates named by the Cook county Republican convention on Thursday of last week: Trustees of Sanitary District, B. A. Eckhart, Z. R. Carter, Joseph C. Braden, J. P. Mallette, William Boldenweck; Judges of Superior Court—to fill out present term, Henry M. Shepard; to fill vacancy caused by death of Judge Blanke, Farlin Q. Ball. Following are the members of the County Central Committee: First Ward, J. R. B. Van Cleave; Second, Martin Best; Third, Perry Hull; Fourth, M. B. Madden; Fifth, E. J. Magerstadt; Sixth, James A. Hogan; Seventh, John A. Cooke; Eighth, Patrick Burke; Ninth, James F. Stepina; Tenth, William Lorimer; Eleventh, J. F. Doremus; Twelfth, William Giffert; Thirteenth, Adam Wolf; Fourteenth, F. L. Wilk; Fifteenth, Joseph Haas; Sixteenth, Philip Knopf; Seventeenth, Fred E. Erickson; Eighteenth, John M. Smyth; Nineteenth, Chris Mamer; Twentieth, W. C. Pfisler; Twenty-first, John W. Andrews; Twenty-second, Paul Redleske; Twenty-third, John A. Linn; Twenty-fourth, George S. Willits, Twenty-fifth, Lloyd J. Smith; Twenty-sixth, George W. Rogers; Twenty-seventh, W. B. Saylor; Twenty-eighth, Frederick Lundin; Twenty-ninth, Wm. Webb; Thirtieth, Charles S. Deneen; Thirty-first, M. A. Garrett; Thirty-second, C. L. Hammond; Thirty-third, Fred F. Barrett; Thirty-fourth, Charles J. Magee. Commissioners Districts, First, Alex A. Dennison; Second, Fred Kallum; Third, Theodore S. Dick; Fourth, E. S. Conway; Fifth, M. Reynolds; Evanston, John W. Byam.

COL. CROFTON, of Fort Sheridan, was evidently not born to be shot.

DR. PAUL M. SHEEDY, of Pittsburg, is an ass with a loud bray, and particularly well developed ears. His friend, Madden, makes a good second fiddle.

REV. FATHERS FITZSIMMONS and Finn, of the Holy Name parish, deserve the thanks of the community for bravely capturing a burglar on the altar of the Cathedral at 2 o'clock Saturday morning. The burglar, whose name was Dorman, was about to steal the sacred vessels when captured.

THE CITIZEN is not disposed to advertise gutter-snipes and blackmailers by naming them. Let them seethe in their own pus.

THE one hundred and fifth anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Theobald Mathew, Ireland's great temperance apostle, was appropriately celebrated in many Catholic churches of this city, and in Catholic temperance circles, last Thursday. Some Protestant clergymen also joined in the celebration.

THE city and county Republican factions have kissed and made up—all but Buck McCarthy and Lammars.

JUDGING by the utterances of a certain low minded class of editors, who profane the name of "Catholic" by using it to cover their villainy, they must have been fed on the excretions of scorpions.

REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER, Methodist minister of Ohio, says that the late Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman acknowledged in his presence, and that of many others, that he was of Irish origin. At any rate he was married to an Irish-American woman.

IT is reported that Mr. Cleveland has taken "a firm stand" in the matter of British interference in Venezuela. Mr. Cleveland must have forgotten himself.

WHY is the Republican daily press so "gleath down" on Buck McCarthy and so light on Lammars? Hasn't an Irish-American a right to defend himself when attacked? Buck has done good work for the Republican party. It should not be ungrateful.

THE Democratic County convention made the following nominations last Saturday: For Judges, Superior Court, to fill vacancy, R. W. Morrison. Superior Court, to succeed Judge Henry M. Shepard, Henry M. Shepard. For Drainage Trustees, South Side, Alex J. Jones and Thomas Kelly; West Side, Frank Wenter and Thomas A. Smyth; North Side, Joseph Duffy. Each ward named a committeeman as follows: First Ward, M. Kenna; Second, J. B. Ryan; Third, R. E. Corrigan; Fourth, J. H. Ludin; Fifth, M. Flannigan; Sixth, Wm. J. O'Brien; Seventh, J. J. Kern; Eighth, W. Loeffler; Ninth, T. Cusick; Tenth, H Curran; Eleventh, W. Nugent; Twelfth, J. McAndrews; Thirteenth, P. J. Donohue; Fourteenth, J. Schwab; Fifteenth, O. W. Lewke; Sixteenth, S. H. Kunz; Seventeenth, M. O'Connor; Eighteenth, M. C. Conlin; Nineteenth, J. Powers; Twentieth, H. F. Donovan; Twenty-first, F. X. Brandecker; Twenty-second, J. H. Sullivan; Twenty-third, T. J. O'Malley; Twenty-fourth, L. Evans; Twenty-fifth, E. Sugg; Twenty-sixth, F. Hackeninger, Twenty-seventh, T. E. Edgar, Twenty-eighth, W. H. O'Brien; Twenty-ninth, J. T. Russell; Thirtieth, M. Moriarity; Thirty-first, P. J. Murray; Thirty-second, P. H. Keenan. Thirty-third, J. W Matthews; Thirty-fourth, J. Ryan, County towns, C. Sullivan, J. H. Banks, M. P. Hannigan, H. B. Robinson, A. J. Miller, J. Martin, W. Heiengarten, C. Sigwell, R. C. Hall, W. C. Walsh, F. D. Cassett, A. D. Lawson, P. J. O'Connell, P. Kipley, G. A. Weimer, J. G. Vehe, F. Stolke, H. Kreft, B. P. O'Leary, J Koohs.

THE awkward squad of Pittsburg soreheads who have thrown mud at the Irish National Convention ought to be execrated by their countrymen. Like turkey buzzards, nobody can approach near to such persons without being vomited upon.

CALL FOR SINEWS OF WAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—The National officers and Executive committee of the Irish National Alliance issued the following appeal today:

HEADQUARTERS IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE, NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 6.—*To All Friends of Irish Independence:* The convention which recently organized at Chicago the Irish National Alliance has placed its guidance and government in the hands of the undersigned for the ensuing two years. The purpose of the Alliance has already been proclaimed—to obtain the complete independence of Ireland from England by any means consistent with the laws of nations. Organizations, like governments, have to depend on their revenue for the successful accomplishment of their duties.

The "sinews of war" for both are absolutely necessary, both for organization and propaganda. England, the arch enemy of Ireland, has at her disposal immense resources—the accumulations of centuries of conquests and piracy. She has it in her power to control or mold public opinion in her own interests. Even in free America she possesses this power to an astonishing extent. Her side of the Irish question has filled the American mind for a quarter of a century—ever since Ireland's friends, at home and abroad, committed the costly fault of trusting to parliamentary agitation to achieve the liberty of their motherland.

Now, however, a totally different policy has been inaugurated. The absolute claim of Ireland to a distinct national life has been placed forcibly before the world by the unanimous voice of the recent Irish National convention held in Chicago. Provincialism has been cast aside and the national demand of Ireland, which slumbered but did not die, is again in the ascendant. We are determined that it shall so remain, and that no effort of ours, no sacrifice on our part, will be left untried or unperformed until victory crowns our sacred cause.

We appeal, therefore, to all friends of the independence of Ireland to aid us in this good work by placing at our disposal the means requisite for its accomplishment. You are asked to subscribe in accordance with your means and to forward your subscriptions as speedily as possible to the treasurer of the Irish National Alliance, Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 151 Twenty-second street, Chicago, Ill.

God Save America and Ireland!

WM. LYMAN, President I. N. A.
J. J. DONOVAN, Massachusetts.
MARTIN KELLY, Tennessee.
J. J. SHEEHEY, California.
T. J. DUNDON, Ohio.
JAMES LAWLER, Texas.
CHRIS GALLAGHER, Minnesota.
CAPT. M. MANGAN, Wisconsin.
J. N. KENNEDY, Montana.
J. H. GREEVY, Pennsylvania.
Executive Council.

Plans of organization are being prepared and will be issued in a few days.

HYMENEAL.

KEOUGH-ROACHE.

The marriage ceremony of Officer D. G. Keough, of Central Station, and Miss Ellen Roache was solemnized on Wednesday last at the Holy Family church, by Rev. Father F. L. Weinmann. The bride was attended by Miss Ellen E. Herley, and the groom by Mr. Roger H. Keough. Owing to the recent death of the bride's mother the wedding was a quiet affair, only near friends of the contracting parties being present. After the wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Keough boarded a train for a two weeks' trip through the Eastern States, where they will enjoy their honeymoon. Their many friends extend to them their warmest congratulations.

A Good Appetite and refreshing sleep at this season indicate a condition of bodily health. These are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood and good health follows.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, harmless, effective, do not pain or gripe.

FROM THE ENEMY'S LINES.

A Memorandum for Irish-Republican Members of the New Irish National Alliance.

From an Irish Republican, Resident in the Modern Babylon, Called by Englishmen, London.

"From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish Nation: and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy"—*Theobald Wolfe Tone.*

"Union with England means and must mean English supremacy."—*Thomas Davis.*

"The passionate aspiration for Irish nationhood will outlive the British Empire."—*John Mitchel.*

All hail my kinsmen of the Irish Military Union! I salute you from across the broad Atlantic; I bid you be of good cheer; I wish you a hearty God speed; and I pray that your reveille may awaken our countrymen throughout the world!

Above and before all things understand that the one enemy of Ireland is what grand old John Mitchel used to call "the foul fiend of British Imperialism." Our people have not, and never had, these seven centuries any enemy but the English government. It is true that we have had traitors in our camp, that our landlords have plundered us, and that our gentry have deserted us; true that a section of our Protestant fellow countrymen have been misled by bigotry, and that a section of our Catholic churchmen have been decoyed from the path of liberty by boons and promises of boons. But who corrupted the traitors and manufactured the informers? Who forced upon us the feudal system, prevented a community of interests between landlords and tenants, and sent the forces of the crown to uproot and exterminate our people? Who set Protestant against Catholic, established Orange ascendancy, and taught the Orangemen to despise and hate his fellow-countrymen? Who stripped the Catholics of their lands and goods, and then held out grants to schools and colleges (as the recruiter tenders the shilling to the raw recruit) in order to enlist the bishops and priests into the ranks of the British garrison in Ireland? Who brought every class in Ireland to such a condition that the only ambition left to the son of the grandee was British officialism, the only hope of the sons of the middle-classes the ranks of the police and civil service of the enemy's government, the only chance of the sons of the poor the degrading life of the British barrack room, or perennial want?

The Imperialism of England did all these things and did them well. But why? Why did that government plunder, misrule, and exterminate the people of Ireland? Why long ago did England when a Catholic nation rob the Irish of even their names, and make it no crime for an English Catholic to slay an Irish Catholic? Why did England for centuries pursue a policy of bloodshed and conquest? Why did Mountjoy give Ireland to Elizabeth nothing but carcasses and ashes? Why did Cromwell massacre thousands and exterminate tens of thousands? Who did William III and his successors break treaties and enact penal laws and disabilities? Why throughout the last century did our rulers crush our industries one after another and constrain, as Hely Hutchinson says, great numbers of Protestant families (the descendants of the very Ulster planters) to flee from the land of their birth into the dominions of foreign princes and states? Why at the close of the eighteenth century did Pitt employ fraud and force to destroy our parliament, and send Lake to perpetrate atrocities as terrible, and far more numerous, than those Armenian atrocities against which British hypocrites are now crying out with might and main? Why did the parliament of England burthen us with its own national debt, impose upon us an exorbitant taxation, and fleece us of wealth untold? Why did British statesmen refuse Repeal, uproot the tenantry of Ireland, slay a million-and-a-half of men, women and children by a famine policy, and banish into penal settlements those brave men who exposed and denounced that policy, and told the men of Ireland not to give their famishing children's bread to strangers? Why have the successors of those statesmen forced the Irish people to live under such economic conditions that during the last fifty years our population at home has decreased by one half, while Great Britain, under the same government, has increased its wealth and population? Why did Mr. Gladstone, after having himself helped to render more unjust and inequitable our burdens, seek to make a "final settlement" between the two countries upon the basis of the present fiscal arrangements, whereby Ireland would remain as now without any power to control trade with any place out of Ireland or to reduce that gigantic robbery called taxation for imperial purposes? Why, to put it into one plain sentence, has England robbed and misruled us in the past, continued to do so in the present, and refused to make any concession but such as would allow her to retain the power of robbing and misruling in the future? To this and the preceding questions there is but one answer, namely, That the necessities of the British governmental and commercial system were such as demanded the robbery and misgovernment of Ireland, and that so long as the British Empire continues to be what it is the degradation and slavery of Ireland must continue.

Consider that system and its necessities. A governmental and commercial system on which the sun never sets, worked by a ring of brigands and pirates, called in London, statesmen and merchants; a sea-borne trade of the annual value of seven hundred millions sterling, upon which these brigands and pirates, and their friends, grow fat and wealthy; a huge national debt, upon which the interest can only be paid so long as the current of trade flows into the port of London, without let or hindrance; costly armies, navies, and establishments to be maintained in order that government and commerce may be administered and defended; a large British population of artisans and workmen, tradesmen and shopmen, soldiers and sailors, officials and convicts, to be fed, clothed, and paid, in order that the work of their masters, the ring of brigands and pirates, may not go undone; the base of operations a small island called Great Britain without internal resources adequate to the undertaking other than the craft, cunning, hypocrisy, subterfuges, double-dealing, and bounce of its ring of brigands and pirates. From all which it follows by our sequence that if within the borders of this empire there exists a country whose people desire national liberty and fair play—who are so depraved as to desire to make their own laws, govern and defend their own country, and regulate their own trade, whether it interferes with their neighbors or not—that country must be enslaved and have its affairs regulated, not with a view to developing its resources for its own behalf, but in the direction best calculated to serve the interests of its wealthy and powerful rulers, even though those interests demand that half its population be starved to death and exterminated.

And whither do all these considerations carry Irishmen who possessed what Mountjoy called the ancient swelling and desire for liberty? What conclusion should we draw from such premises? This, and this only, that for Ireland's wrongs there is only one method of redress—that for Ireland's rights there is only one method of assertion—and that for both, the method is one and the same, namely, FORCE! If anyone says that that is an impossible method, then I answer that the cause of Ireland is lost and we had better join the Conservative Unionists. There is no middle course. Constitutional agitation for Repeal and Home Rule is unworthy and useless. It is unworthy because those who start a constitutional movement appeal to the Irish at home and abroad for aid and support on the ground that they are Nationalists seeking to perpetuate the patriotism of Tone and Fitzgerald, Davis and Mitchel; whereas when they get to England and into the English parliament they have to take the oath of allegiance and declare themselves *against* separation,—that is against "Ireland a Nation"; for there can be no such thing as national independence without separation. Nay, our latter day parliamentary patriots have had to go farther to "conciliate" English public opinion (that is the opinion manufactured by the pirates and brigands) than any of their predecessors, and declare themselves *against Repeal*, and express their willingness to accept as final a proposed statutory parliament which was to be restricted from dealing with military, naval, and foreign affairs, or trade with any place out of Ireland, and which was to be restricted to very narrow limits in dealing with financial, educational, and commercial affairs in Ireland, subject always to the supremacy of the Imerial parliament in London. Moreover a constitutional agitation is useless because even had it obtained a parliament the necessity for a revolution would remain; for, as Finton Lalor used to say, it must never be forgotten that Wolfe Tone died to destroy the constitution of 1782. Such agitation is also a waste of time, money, and energy, which might be put to some better purpose.

But is force an impossible policy? I assert, and will give my reasons for asserting, that it is possible, practicable, and can be made effective. What we want is a military organization and military knowledge. I will take a few points coming under these headings:

Organization—Unlike a parliamentary movement a military organization does not require the franchises of millions and a majority of the people of every constituency to take an *active* part in it. A military union would be Ireland's army, and need not for the present be more than 50,000 strong. In England the volunteer force is 250,000 strong, and surely if so many Englishmen can be found to enrol themselves in a citizen army, without pay, to defend their shores in time of war, thousands of Irishmen should be willing to enrol themselves in an Irish army of independence.

Arms and Equipment—It is constantly asserted by the opponents of physical force that modern science and the improved arms now in use have rendered more hopeless than ever a recourse to armed resistance in Ireland. On the other hand I assert that the latest improvements in military science have rendered our chances of success better than ever they were. At any rate, whatever arms are in use are available for the use of Irishmen just as much as for the use of Englishmen. The Almighty has not given the English the patent of the magazine rifle, and the magazine rifle is the most potent weapon of modern warfare.

All armies are being armed with some pattern of small-bore magazine rifle, firing a small bullet, which, with its present cartridge, has a muzzle velocity of 2,150 feet in a second. The Lee-Medford rifle, that in use in the English service, carries ten cartridges in its magazine, which can be fired in about one-fourth of a minute. The high velocity above referred to gives great penetrative power, the bullet being able to pass through two or even three men. This velocity also gives a flat trajectory which renders it easier to hit, as the bullet skims along near the surface of the earth and can hit a six-foot figure at any range up to 500 yards without altering the sights and without aiming off the figure. The extreme sight of this rifle is for 1,900 yards, but its extreme effective range is 3,450 yards. The price of these rifles is about £4 each.

Next in importance to the rifle comes the spade. Lieut. F. V. Greene, U.S.A., in his work on the "Russian Army and Its Campaigns," speaks of the value which Skobeloff's division attached to intrenching tools after the third battle of Plevna, and how from that time they carried what spades they could get through the rest of the campaign. "They were slung over the back, they were uncomfortable, they were in every way inconvenient, but each man had learned by hard experience that his individual life depended on his musket and his spade, and he took care to lose neither the one nor the other."

I do not, of course, mean to say that an Irish army should take the field with nothing but rifles and spades, but I do say that these are the principal arm and equipment required, and that if our organization had a good supply of these the rest would soon follow.

As regards funds let it be remembered that during the last ten years the Irish people have spent upwards of £100,000 on one item alone connected with the parliamentary agitation, and after all this time and expense have not made one step towards independence. The item to which I refer is the payment of Irish members at Westminster, and I understand that forty M. Ps. have been receiving salaries since 1885 out of the Parliamentary fund. Now, let it be considered that this sum if put to the purpose of purchasing rifles would have provided 25,000 of those useful weapons.

Education—But, ask friends and foes, what are you going to do with your military organization when it is raised, armed and drilled? Well, first of all, let it be remembered that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity, and that it is our duty to be prepared for that opportunity when it arises. "It is too late to sharpen one's sword when the drum beats to battle." An European war would most certainly be our grand opportunity, if we were prepared for it, but not otherwise. Every government in the world knows that England's weak point is her sea-borne trade, and that any serious interference with that trade would lead to the bankruptcy and ruin of the British Empire. Indeed, I am convinced that this result would follow even though England defeated her enemy in the field. Any nation, therefore, that went to war with England would make it its business to attack, and if possible destroy, that trade. On the other hand England would put forth every effort, and spend her last shilling (or anybody else's shilling she could grab) to defend and maintain her pirate supremacy. Now, all these truths must be learned by our people in Ireland who could render most valuable assistance to the Irish army by following the advice of John Mitchel and cutting off Irish supplies from the enemy's camp.

Let it be understood once for all that the British Empire is no longer a great military power, but only a huge commercial firm trading on false credit, and Irishmen will cease to fear the unwieldy swashbuckler. In its beginning, no doubt, that empire was military, and by the aid of allies and Irishmen in the ranks of its own army, prosecuted conquests and gained provinces; but in these latter times it is simply and solely a great system of trading mainly in the hands of foreigners of the city of London. Of these traders Englishmen are only bond slaves and vassals, for vassalage is as ripe in England today as it was soon after the battle of Hastings. On every hand, in that country there is poverty, crime and ignorance, and, above all, as the recent election helps to prove, a most determined spirit of submission to the degrading bondage in which the Anglo-Saxons are held by the brigands, pirates, sharps and capitalists who have enslaved them.

But in times of war, or in times of peace, what have Irishmen to fear if they make up their minds to throw off the yoke of the British Empire? All history testifies to the fact that men fighting for liberty, inspired by the spirit of nationality, the example of illustrious patriots, the teachings of a noble history, the hope of a great future, are bound, in the long run, to prevail. And have not Irishmen all these things to inspire them? Our nationality has triumphed over conquests, confiscations, famines, extermination, and plantations, repeated generation after generation, and century after century, these last 700 years. Our struggle for liberty has been sustained throughout all these centuries by a race which has produced a line of patriots whom neither wealth nor station could lure from the cause of their motherland, in victory or in defeat. The greatest men Ireland has produced lived, and struggled, and died for those very principles which we Irish Republicans are seeking to vindicate. It was for our principles that Hugh O'Neill bulwarked his native land against the power of Elizabeth, her generals, and her armies for long years. It was for our principles that Owen Roe left wealth and rank abroad to meet and fight the powerful army of England—with what effect let Benburb tell. For those principles Sarsfield offered to Heaven his heart's blood on Landen plain. For those principles Tone toiled through long years, and eventually sacrificed his life. And it was to the work of vindicating those same principles that Mitchel devoted his magnificent genius throughout his well-spent life, from the day when a young man he left his native Ulster, and relinquished his profession, to take his place in the ranks of Dublin journalism in its most stormy and dangerous period, down to the hour when an old man, bent and gray, he returned to Ireland to lay down his burden and go to rest among his kinsmen. And what can Irish history teach us more to the point than the great truth that our enemy fears nothing and submits to nothing but physical force: that argument, pleading, begging, and all the rest of the methods of constitutional and parliamentary agitation are as much thrown away upon the Downing street slave-drivers as they would be upon a lair of Bengal tigers. But whether we look back or whether we look ahead, the lesson is the same. For Ireland in the future there is no hope but in an Irish Republic, and there is no means of establishing such a republic but by force of arms. Never forget that British Imperialism and Irish Nationality are contrary, the one to the other; that the British government will never commit suicide by placing Ireland in a position to assert her independence, and that, therefore, if ever Ireland is to be a free nation, inhabited by a people enjoying the blessings of liberty and peace, the principles of Tone and Mitchel must be vindicated by the men of our race.

IRISH SOLDIER.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

A correspondent sends us copies of two poetical criticisms on publications of our fellow-townsman. One is in reference to "Leaves From the Life of a Special Correspondent," and the second is with regard to his two volumes of "An Iron Bound City; or Five Months' Peril," says the Nenagh, Ireland, *News*. With regard to the "Iron Bound City" *Punch* says:

"A story of peril, adventure, privation,
Is told in two vols. to your great delectation,
With shrewd common sense and uncommon sensation.
Here's the painful account of Parisians defeated,
And Paris besieged is most "specially" treated:
Like a trusth Tapleyan, bright, hopeful, and witty,
O'Shea tells the tale of "An Iron Bound City."

In allusion to "Leaves From the Life of a Special Correspondent," *Punch* says:

"Oh, bright and lively is O'Shea—that is, this John Augustus is,—
His book as bright and lively as the author, who may trust us is,
He discourseth of Napoleon, tobacco, and philology;
Of Paris, and of pugilists, Lord Wolseley and zoology;
Of Gambetta and of Calcraft, of cookery and quackery;
Of Sinnett and balloonacy, of Sala and of Thackeray;
With special journeys to and fro, direct, delayed, and round about,
For here and there and everywhere this Special loves to bound about,
With most things he is conversant, from monkey unto mineral,
And talks on warlike matters like a modern Meejor-Gineral!"

There were several other favorable critiques, but all in prose, therefore the poetic ones are selected.

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK CAVANAGH.

Mr. Patrick Cavanagh, an old and respected Chicagoan, died suddenly on Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. John S. Cooke, Thirtieth street and Michigan avenue. Mr. Cavanagh had been driving on Michigan boulevard when a stroke of apoplexy rendered him unconscious. He was conveyed to the residence of his friend, Mr. John S. Cooke, No. 2976 Michigan avenue, but never rallied or regained consciousness.

The funeral services were held Friday at the Cathedral of the Holy Name from the deceased's residence, No. 63 Cedar street, Chancellor Muldoon officiating. The Rev. D. J. Riordan preached the funeral sermon. The funeral was very largely attended, many leading citizens being present.

Telegrams of condolence were received by Mr. Cavanagh's family from the Rt.-Rev. Bishop Keane, President of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; the Rt.-Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.; the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn.; the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, Cal.; the Rev. A. Morrisey, President of Notre Dame University, and the Rev. Father Corby, Provincial General of the Order of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind.

Mr. Cavanagh was born in Omagh, county Tyrone, Ireland, in 1842. He arrived in America in 1865, and for a year was employed by a brewing firm in Detroit, Mich. Then he came to Chicago, and in 1866 entered the employ of Schwab, McQuaid & Smith, for whom he traveled for a year. In 1867 Mr. Cavanagh was admitted to partnership in the firm. Mr. Cavanagh formed a copartnership in 1869 with James B. Bodle in the wholesale liquor business. This association continued until 1881, when Mr. Bodle retired from business. Mr. Cavanagh then admitted W. W. Oliver and T. A. Dillon into partnership with him. Mr. Cavanagh, says the *Tribune*, was an ardent supporter of Republican principles. His zeal for the cause was as disinterested as human zeal can be. He never sought, but always refused office. Ireland's welfare and the advancement of the Catholic church were also objects of his solicitude. Successful in his business affairs and by his indefatigable industry Mr. Cavanagh had accumulated a handsome fortune. He leaves a widow and four children surviving him. One son is rapidly attaining prominence as an attorney in the office of Isham, Lincoln & Beale. Another is pursuing his studies at the University of Notre Dame.

It should not be forgotten that, in 1882, Mr. Cavanagh was the second man who subscribed $100 toward the Parnell Indemnity Fund, originated by THE CITIZEN. He was also a leading member of the famous Irish-American Club of this city, and of other social organizations.

MRS. MARY CARROLL.

Mrs. Mary Carroll, the venerable and beloved mother of the Rev. Father J. J. Carroll, of St. Thomas' church, this city, died on Monday at the great age of 85 years and 1 month. Funeral services were held in St. Thomas' church at 10:30 o'clock Thursday morning, high mass of requiem being celebrated. The church was filled with Father Carroll's friends and parishioners, who feel deeply for the great loss he has sustained. The remains of the highly respected old lady were sent to Canandaigua, N.Y., for interment in St. Mary's cemetery. They were escorted by Father Carroll and a large number of his relatives and intimate friends.

MR. EUGENE WOHL.

Mr Eugene Wohl, only son of Mr. and Mrs M. Wohl, No. 350 Oakwood boulevard, died in San Francisco, Cal., Friday evening of last week, after an illness of about a week's duration. His malady was peritonitis. Mr. Wohl was in his forty-first year, and unmarried. He left this city two years ago to reside permanently in California, as the climate of Chicago did not agree with him. He had been previously in the Golden State, and became attached to it and its glorious climate. His unexpected and premature death is a severe shock to his father, mother and sister, who have the profound sympathy of their friends and neighbors in their affliction. The remains of Mr. Wohl reached Chicago on Wednesday evening, and the funeral occurred Thursday afternoon, the interment being at Rose Hill cemetery.

MR. JOHN M'DERMOTT.

Mr. John McDermott, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. McDermott, of 81 Wells street, died on Friday, Oct. 4, after a short illness; heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death. The funeral occurred Monday morning from the Holy Name Cathedral, where requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. J. M. Scanlan. Deceased was 19 years of age. A large number of friends and relatives followed the remains to Calvary. Father Scanlan also accompanied the remains to the cemetery. The pallbearers were James Bennett, Thomas Mackin, Martin O'Donnell, John Berry, Thomas Flynn and Patrick Heffernan, companions of deceased. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of hosts of friends in this city and vicinity. The floral testimonials of love and esteem were numerous, among them being a beautiful floral pillow from his companions, bearing the words "Our Comrade," which was a fitting tribute of the love and esteem they bore their young friend.

MR. MICHAEL CLIFFORD.

We regret to announce the death of Michael Clifford, son of Eugene and Mary Clifford, which occurred on the 4th inst. at his residence, 61 Alice place, in this city, at the age of 23 years. Young Clifford was educated at the Alexian Brothers' School on Morgan street. At the age of 17 he started to learn the printing business, and while at work contracted a cold which developed into consumption resulting in death. His remains were taken to St. Sylvester's church where high mass was celebrated, thence to Calvary for interment, followed by a large concourse of friends. He was a young man of most exemplary habits. His demise has been mourned by all who knew him with deep and abiding sorrow.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

On Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3 p.m., a general meeting of the friends of the Irish language will be held at the School Hall, West Nineteenth and Johnson streets, to consider the best means of helping on the movement for its revival. The meeting will be addressed by Rev. Father Carroll, pastor of St. Thomas' church, Hyde Park, and Mr. William Dillon, editor of the *New World*. All friends of the Irish language are invited to be present.

SECRETARY SUTTON INTERVIEWED.

He Talks Interestingly of the New Alliance and Those Who Are Taking an Active Part in the Movement.

[*Evening News, Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 5*]

In reply to the interrogatories of a representative of the *News* during his visit of his city, his former home, John P. Sutton, now secretary of the Irish National Alliance, which was organized recently at Chicago, states:

"The object of the new organization is to be one of active hostility against British interest as far as the laws of the United States may permit. It has no idea of advising the Irish people to take up arms against Great Britain under existing circumstances. To do so would be preposterous; it would be criminal. But, as *United Ireland* of Dublin says, 'It must come to a fight some day,' our object is to have the whole Irish race so organized and welded together that the moral power that always accompanies a physical reserve shall be the greatest that ever yet cried halt to Great Britain's usurpation of Ireland's natural rights and privileges. We have exhausted reason and pleading, and have only received treachery and contumely. Now we shall try the force I have above indicated, and shall not hesitate to employ such physical means as circumstances shall permit and warrant as expedient. Our means and methods are matters for our own consideration, and not for publicity, but you may rely upon it that whatever we shall do shall be done with a view to avoid mistakes and insure success."

"How do you like the attitude of the American press?

"We are very much pleased. The reports of our proceedings by the press of Chicago and the entire United States were characterized by a desire to treat us with the most respectful consideration and we feel grateful for their kindness."

"But have you not noticed in their editorials that many of the leading dailies have disapproved of the policy of the new movement?"

"Very true, and they are entitled to their opinions. They have not the same information that we possess upon which to base their ideas. So long as they accord to Ireland the right to be free, all we can expect from them is to be not too hasty in condemning a movement which is now the sole method of action left us to save Ireland from extinction as a nation. The cablegrams from the nine counties of Ulster, from Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Dublin, Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Burnley and from Paris indicate that there are still Irishmen across the ocean who believe in Ireland—a nation and not a province. Thew will not hesitate to work and to make sacrifices for their opinions as readily as the patriots of any country on earth, when called for."

"Bo do not some Irishmen denounce the new movement?"

"Undoubtedly. Ireland like every other country has its cranks, its frauds and its professional humbugs. If we were to achieve Irish liberty tomorrow these fellows would denounce it. Unfortunately, the American press, not knowing their insignificance, accepts and publishes their bilious mouthings as the utterances of representative Irishmen, as for instance, the recent ravings of thet notorious Kansas City hero, Capt. Phelan."

"Is there any foundation for the charge that politics is at the bottom of the alliance?"

"Well, John F. Finerty, chairman of the convention, is a Republican and Protectionist; O'Neill Ryan, vice-chairman, is a staunch Democrat and a strong Free Trader. I have known William Lyman, the president of the alliance, for several years and I know that, practically, he is in no sense a party man in politics. Of the other officers I really don't know and don't care what their political ideas are. Whatever might be done with a petty local society, it would be impossible to use a great national organization for a political object foreign to the purpose for which it was instituted. The Irish National Alliance has only one creed, that is, Irish independence—and it invites to its communion Republicans, Democrats, Populists, Silvermen, Goldmen, Catholics and Protestants.

"Now, I believe I have said all I have to say on the matter."

FOR THE CITIZEN.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

She might have been no widow now,
Had she the lordling wedded,
No mourning weeds have decked her brow,
Nor cold nor hunger dreaded,
Had she disdained the faithful swain
Who loved with truth and honor—
Who strove to break his country's chain
That tyrants cast upon her.

The cruel world no blessings gave,
And Fortune naught bestowed him,
But Heaven who made him true and brave,
With rarest gists endowed him—
An honest heart, a spirit proud
Yet pure, serene and tender,
That sword or shackle ne'er had bowed
Or bent in mean surrender—

A heroic will, a good right hand,
A quick discerning reason,
An ardent love for native land—
A mortal hate to treason.
Then could she from her bosom hurl
A youth so true and tender,
And give her heart to a vulgar churl
And live in pampered splendor?

No! She disdained the titled clown,
And guilty pomp discarded,
And braved the tyrant's threat and frown—
The patriot's love rewarded;
But Heaven called him from her side
To that bright home before her,
And now she weeps yet feels with pride
His spirit watching o'er her.

P. T. M'G.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in éo.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Eulaighios Taise Taoibhgheal an oidhche sin do chum Fhinn, agus múighlas an ri ar na mhárach agus innistear dó gur eulaigh Taise Taoibhgheal do chum Fhinn. Nior chaoin sé dith a mhuintire acht Taise Taoibhgheal, agus adubhairt gidh b'é do bhéarfadh chuige ó Fionn i go d-tiobhradh seoid agus maoin dó. Do labhair taoiseach teaghlaigh de mhuintir an righ agus is é adubhairt: "Comaitl dam-sa a n-dubhrais agus d'á g-comailliair do bhéarfaidh mise an ingean chugad ó Fionn, óir atá crsobh dearg-snaighte alainn agam agus dá bh-faighbhinn sióigh an domhain ar aon láthair de chuirfinn i n-a d-toirchim suain agus sior-chodalta iad le foghar mo chraoibhe do chrothadh ós a g-comhair." Ghiulseas an taoiseach teaghlaigh agus thug aghaidh ar an b-pupaill i n a raibh Fionn agus ri na Sorcha, agus croithios an crsobh ós a g-comhair agus do chuir i n-a d-toirchim suain ag sior chodalta iad agus ghoidios Taise Taoibhgheal an oidhche sin. Agus is é comhairle do rinneadh le righ Gréig ó rugadh Taise Taoibhgheal chuige aris gan ni ba mhó d'á mhuintir do mharbhadh le Fionn, agus do chuaidh roimhe go criochaibh na Gréige.

Chrithuigheas Fionn ar na mhárach Taise Taoibhgheal d'eulógh, agus do bhi go dúbhach do-mheanmnach i n-dialgh inghine an righ. "A Fhinn," ar ri na Sorcha, "na bidheadh dubhachas no domheanmna ort do chumhaidh na h-inghine, óir rachadsa go tiugh sióigh leat go criochaibh na Gréige agus do bheurfam ingean righ Gréige linn ar ais nó ar éigin. Agus adubhairt an laoidh:

"Buadhach sin, a mhic Chumhaill
Fuaras doilghess o'n deabhaidh:
Ar m-breith buadha do bhiodhbhadh
longnadh do bheith i d'bheatha.
Sióigh na Gréige go d-tuille,
Do bhádar uile ar d'aghaidh;
Acht triar agus tri ceathair,
Nocha raibh d'feadain agaibh;
Leat-sa a's led' bheagán buidhne,
A mhic Chumhail na mórsióigh;
Duitse ba bheag an pádhair
Ri na g-euradh do chlaochlódh.
Aonmhac áird-righ an domhain
Do fuair aidhedh led' armaibh;
Le do mhuintir as a h-aithle
Do thuitsead nsaithe an chabhlaigh.
Taise Taoibhgheal do bhreith uait
Do'n áirdrigh saibhir sinaghach:
Fá'n g-cás na bi go dubhach:
Blaidh do thuras go buadhach.

[LE SHEITH LEANTA.]

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

In accordance with previous announcements in this paper, the opening meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum, for the coming season, will be held on next Monday evening, Oct. 14, at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. Admission tickets have been sent to the secretaries of various Irish societies and clubs of the city, and they are requested to distribute same among their members. The subject selected for discussion at this meeting is one which should attract the attention of every citizen of Chicago, as it is one of general interest and importance. Those desirous of obtaining admission tickets can have them sent free on application to John J. Sherlock, secretary, No. 3 Dix street.

Following is the programme for Monday evening's meeting:

PART I.

Opening remarks by the President ..... Hon. William Dillon
Piano Solo ..... Miss Hannah McCarthy
Song (Selected) ..... Miss Bernadetta O'Hara
Accompanied on piano by Miss Ruth O'Hara.
Irish Airs on Piano ..... Miss Maggie O'Neill
Song (Selected) ..... J. J. Hanrahan
Recitation (Selected) ..... Miss Hannah McCarthy

PART II.

Discussion—"The Principles of True Patriotism as Bearing Upon the Recent Enactment of the Illinois Legislature on the Flag Law." Speakers: Messrs. M. J. Maloney and P. B. Flanagan
General remarks on the above ..... The Audience
"A Visit to Ireland" ..... F. E. Holden
Closing Remarks ..... By the President

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

E CREEPING CLAY.

REMENDOUS FORCE MANIFEST IN THE COMSTOCK MINES.

ompressed Wood Until It Was Like ne—Timbers That Were Seventeen ches When Put In Place Crushed to ur Inches In a Few Years.

here is but one mine in the world has ever shown through the natural n of its drift how thoroughly na- can compress wood, and that mine e old Consolidated in the Comstock "Jim Fair's Pet," and the mine holds the record for quartz ore. In a dozen offices in this city there are ll slabs 4 by 10 inches that have for e time puzzled workers in wood. ry time a man who knows anything t wood comes into one of these of- he is shown one of these slabs and d to say what kind of wood it is. rule he stutters and stammers and fates, and is lost. It has the princi- properties of so many different kinds ood that he does not know just t forest should be blamed for its h. As a fact it is Sierra Nevada , and its compression is due to the that several million tons of super- us earth have been pressing upon it, ough not for any very long time, h so great a force that pieces of d 17 inches square have been com- sed into 4 inches in width, and fibers so closely crowded together when polished it seems much more stone than wood.

ll the history of the Comstock lode, erned and regulated as it always has by men in San Francisco, is pecul- but of all the stories in the mines his lode there is none more peculiar n the "creeping clay" and the com- ssed timbers. From 1874 until 1877 Big Bonanza was worked down to a 00 foot level, but at 1,100 feet they ped for awhile and concluded to t off to the east. This brought them position where a large proportion side of a mountain was pressing n the quartz bed. There was a body re, shaped like a watermelon and ize equal to about four Palace ho- . It was this ore that made the for- es of so many men, and to get it out uired particularly skillful engineer- . There was a wall running down at angle of about 45 degrees, and this ll marked the limits of the loose th which contained this watermelon re, and this same loose earth was tinually moving. Immediately sur- nding the lump of ore was clay, and s clay so moved in the natural process nature's action that by the miners it s called "creeping clay" and watched tinually. So irresistible was its force t nothing could stand against it.

From the 1,100 foot level the drift s set in toward this body of ore. ere was a gallery where the car ran ng for taking out the ore, and from s gallery ran the smaller drifts. ove, below and on the sides of these aller drifts were heavy timbers of vada pine. There was between the bers a space of about on the average eet in height and 5 feet in width. ese were square sets, and it was these bers that, by the action of the loose th around them, were so compressed t pieces of them look more like stone n wood.

At one time, about 1887, the engi- ers of the Nevada mine believed that y almost reached the limitation of Big Bonanza ore. So they went back the main shaft and sank down to the 00 foot level, working, as they after- rd found, below this eccentric deposit the side of Mount Davidson. Find- g that they were striking no pay dirt, y went back to the 1,100 foot level rework the Big Bonanza.

It was then that this compressed tim- r was found for the first time, so far is generally known, in the history of world. These timbers were 17 by 17 ches, and were the ones that were used the square sets when, in 1874-5-6-7, Big Bonanza was worked. But when y returned some years later to rework Bonanza, instead of being 17 by inches, the timbers were about 4 ches in width, because while they had en working on the lower level the side the mountain had been sliding down, perceptibly of course, but actually, as subsequent comparison of the condi- n of the first drift showed.

When the miners left the "square ts" on the 1,100 foot level in 1877, any of these side galleries had been mpletely filled in with heavy timber order to make solid the resistance ainst the encroaching weight. As a sult these little tunnels, instead of be- g filled with the original ore which d been taken out, were solid masses timber. The proportionate strength the timber and the ore was plainly own in that the timber was crushed to consistency which made it lose all mblance of wood and take on the ap- arance of stone or onyx, and if there d not been surrounding this big body ore the dreaded "creeping clay," the ances are that the side of the moun- in would have remained decently still.

It is generally believed that this aw- l power of moving earth has been no- ceable in the entire Comstock lode, rincipally because the lode is a volcanic ssure and not a quartz bed, in many ses even around the compressed tim- ers, there has been found a deposit of nartz, showing that nature is still at ork on this same lode, but the knowl- dge of the direction of her labors ould mean a fortune to any man.

It costs thousands of dollars to timber mine and millions of feet of lumber, wing to the aggravating persistency of e side of the mountain where the omstock lode is situated, the mines ere require more than usually heavy mbering, and in nearly all of the cases here the heavy timbers have been nec- ssary to prevent the encroaching of the creeping clay," it has been found aft- rward that the wood has been subjected o so severe a pressure that it looks more ke stone than wood.—San Francisco hronicle.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc, made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

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ONTARIO'S PROTEAN HILLS.

Monster Shifting Sand Dunes on the Canadian Shore of Lake Erie.

An interesting and wonderful feature of the natural scenery of Lake Erie's shores are two immense conically shaped sand formations in the township of Houghton, Norfolk county, Ontario, just west of Long Point.

These hills are composed of the light, silvery sand peculiar to the shores of the lake, with the one dissimilarity that it appears lighter in bulk than the shore sand and drifts more readily with the wind. They are situated about a mile apart, the one to the east being the larger. It measures about 200 feet in height from the water level, 1,000 feet in length and 800 feet in width. When viewed from the surrounding country, it appears like a vast symmetrically formed giant's grave, erected on the lofty promontory which lies high above, and whose precipitous cliffs wall in the lake for miles. The perfect and clear cut outlines and gracefully rounded summit which towers nobly high excite in one a desire to ascend the steep acclivity, notwithstanding the difficulty of a climb upon an incline of nearly 60 degrees from the horizontal, made even more laborious by the looseness of the sand, which the climber sinks into above his shoe tops at every step. But he is right generously rewarded when the summit is reached, for the prospect is beautiful. Looking inland, the country unfolds itself, with its delectable meadows and fields of grain, for miles and miles, while in the opposite direction the magnificent view of Erie's broad expanse stretches to the horizon.

These hills, besides their present interest, have a strange evolutionary history ascribed to them, as recorded by some of the early settlers in the vicinity. At one time the summit of the large hill presented a circular plateau with a crater opening into a vast funnel shaped chasm, with sides nearly vertical, which extended down to a great depth. The bottom of this great amphitheater was 80 feet in diameter, and upon this natural arena the pioneer youths of many years ago played the game of baseball with the advantage of requiring no fielders, for no matter where the ball was thrown or batted, upon striking the sides it would fall to the feet of the players. No trace whatever is now left of the crater. Many are the forms the hill has assumed since then.

If it is the action of the strong southwesterly gales, which for 150 miles have an uninterrupted swoop down the lake upon the loose sand of the cliff, why are other hills not thus formed by the same force all along the shore in this locality, where the sand appears the same as here? There is a sand mound close to the large hill nearly 40 feet high, which has the appearance of growing similar to the others. It is inclosed on three sides with a thick growth of large trees which it is gradually covering up.

These hills slowly but really change their positions, ever retaining some graceful and strange shape. The old trees that form a dense growth near by are gradually swept over and completely buried in sand. In many places their utmost branches only protrude above the surface of the sides of the ruthless sand monster that smothered and settled upon them. In time, as the hill moves on, these trees are again revealed, broken and dead, of course, with whitened trunks and maimed limbs.

Some 20 years ago the summit of the large hill was crowned by the observatory of the United States lake survey. From this observatory, one in the highlands of Pennsylvania and another on Long Point a triangle was formed, and the most accurate chart of the lake at that time was issued. At present a beacon is the only structure on the hill, having been erected in connection with the survey now being made of the lake by the Canadian government.—Buffalo Express.

The "Smart" Widow.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who is only a six months' widow, has been distracting the visitors at Aix-les-Bains with her "punting" by night and her bicycle riding by day. But may not "relicts" be amused? Must the handsome wives of the departed retire to a nunnery because the world is such a small place somebody is sure to find them without appropriately red eyes and perhaps red noses? If Lady Randolph seeks consolation in bright society and any excitement in riding a wheel, for heaven's sake let her! She had a distinguished husband, as we all know, but she also paid for her distinction if report saith true.—Philadelphia Press.

When Wolves Killed New York Sheep.

George C. Fisk tells us that the last sheep killed by wolves in this locality were owned by his father, Samuel Fisk, and this was in 1823. The sheep were feeding in the first field north of Woodsville, on the west side of the road, and 12 of the number were killed, the wolves taking the sheep by the neck and sucking the blood without tearing the flesh. Snow covered the ground, but not a drop of blood could be seen. The wolves came again the next night, but the sheep had been shut up. Mr. Fisk, who was 7 years old, says he can distinctly remember hearing the wolves howl.—Dansville (N. Y.) Express.

Natural Misunderstanding.

According to the Hanaford Journal, a gentleman of that city was some miles outside of the city when a nut came off the axle of his buggy.

He had halted for repairs and was in no little trouble. Finally a Portuguese came along, and the gentleman hailed him to ask if he had a monkey wrench. The man was angry on the instant.

"What for you insult me? I no keepa da monkey ranch. I keepa da sheep ranch."

Much In Little.

The man who invented the brass spring fingers one sees on lamps for holding the chimney in place got for a long period a royalty of $50,000 a year.—House Furnishing Review.

NAPOLEON'S ORIENTAL DREAMS.

He Longed to Follow In the Footsteps of Alexander the Great.

Bonaparte was a child of the Mediterranean. The light of its sparkling waters was ever in his eyes, and the fascination of its ancient civilizations was never absent from his dreams of glory. His proclamations ring with classic allusions; his festivals were adorned with classic ceremony. In infancy he had known of Genoa, the tyrant of his island, as strong in the splendid commercial enterprises which stretched eastward through the Levant and beyond into the farther orient. In childhood he had fed his imagination on the histories of Alexander the Great and his conquest of oriental empires. In youth he had thought to find an open door for his ambition when all others seemed closed by taking service with England to share the renown of those who were building up her eastern empire. Disappointed in this, he turned with the same lack of success to Russia, already England's rival on the continent of Asia.

It is perfectly comprehensible that throughout his early manhood his mind should have occasionally reverted to the same ideals. The conqueror of Italy and Austria might hope to realize them. Was he not master of the two great maritime commonwealths which had once shared all eastern trade between them? England's intrusion upon the Mediterranean basin was a never ceasing irritation to all the Latin powers. Her commercial prosperity and her mastery of the seas aggravated the exasperation of France as threatening even her equality in their ancient rivalry. From the days of the first crusade all Frenchmen had felt that leadership in the reconstruction of Asia belonged to them by virtue of preoccupation. Ardent republicans, moreover, saw France's mission incomplete in the liberalizing of the continent, and the department of marine under the directory stamped its paper with the motto, "Liberty of the Seas."

Imaginative forces, the revolutionary system and the national ambition all combined to create ubiquitous enthusiasm for the conquest of the Mediterranean. To this the temperament and training of Bonaparte were as the spark to the tinder. It was with willing ears that the directory heard his first suggestions about the Venetian isles and subsequently his plans for the capture of Malta, which was to be followed by a death blow to England's supremacy in the seizure of Egypt and the dismemberment of Turkey.—W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

A SPIDER FARM.

A Strup Bottler Has Recruited the Spider Against His Foes With Success.

A sirup bottler has improved upon the prison lesson of Bruce. He has taken the spider into partnership in the working of one of his most important departments. Flies, cockroaches and other insects, attracted by his sweets, and encouraged by the genial atmosphere of his bottling room, used to interfere with his work, get into his bottles, steal his goods and "worry him to death." He has recruited the spider against his foes and vanquished them. Some 6,000 spiders now make their home on the ceiling and walls of his bottling department. Their webs are everywhere, and they behave themselves with great intelligence.

Said the bottler to an interviewer: "These creatures know more than a great many people. Spiders do not care for sweet things, and never drop into my vats or get into my bottles. I never disturb them except to feed them occasionally. They appear to know my call, and will come out and feed from my hand, or take a fly from my finger.

"They shut themselves up during most of the winter months in the little nests you see stuck like daubs of mud about the ceiling. When winter comes, I brush away the webs. They prefer to weave new ones every spring.

"Each May they reappear ready to unravel the silken fabric that is stored in their little bodies. It is just about then that the flies have hatched their first young. If the spiders appear earlier, the crop of flies would soon give out.

"I have been only running this spider farm for two years, but I find my little partners indispensable. They will not endure in the place a single fly or insect that is a plunderer of sweets and sirups."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Tattooed Snake.

The sailors of the gulf of Mexico and the equatorial regions of the Atlantic ocean amuse themselves and also turn an occasional honest penny by capturing both large and small snakes of the variety known as the lemon boa and covering their bodies with tattooed letters and designs. One of these living manuscripts was recently exhibited at Egyptian hall, London, which had the whole of the third chapter of Genesis and some pieces from Punch tattooed upon his back in indelible letters of various colors. Thousands of these tattooed snakes are annually disposed of at Rio de Janeiro. The buyers generally kill these snakes and either skin them or preserve the entire reptile in alcohol. Such specimens are highly prized by both European and North American collectors of curiosities.—St. Louis Republic.

Skillful as Ever.

Edward—Isn't Dick going off in his writings?

Forrest—I haven't noticed it.

Edward—It seems to me he has lost that exquisite delicacy of touch he used to have.

Forrest (ruefully)—By Jove! You wouldn't think so if you had seen him work me for ten this morning.—New Rochelle Life.

Easily Remedied.

"Say," said the city editor, "it seems to me that this expression of yours about showing a clean pair of heels is not just the thing in a report of a bicycle race."

"All right," answered the lazy reporter. "Just stick in a 'w' and make it a clean pair of wheels."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Justice in the Rough.

Mike Williams lived in a frontier settlement and knew very little about law, but his neighbors, having confidence in his sense of justice, elected him justice of the peace. Several horses had disappeared from that neighborhood, for the stealing of which no one had been punished, and Judge Williams, as he was proud to be called, was heard to remark, shortly after entering upon the duties of his office, "Now let thim thaves be caught, and Oi'll see that they gets their deserts."

Some months later a man, accused of having stolen two horses, was taken before Justice Mike for a preliminary hearing. After listening to the evidence and argument the justice was convinced of the man's guilt and sentenced him offhand to the penitentiary for two years.

"But, your honor," began the attorney for the defendant, "this is only the preliminary trial, and you cannot"—

"Oi cannot, ye say? Well, Oi does," said the judge, not giving the lawyer time to finish his objection. "Oi find the defendant guilty and sintince him to the pinitentiary for two years."

"You must at least allow my client the privilege of an appeal."

"Oi allow no appale. What am Oi judge for if Oi can't punish a thafe whin Oi foind him? No, sor; no appale in this court!"

It is impossible to tell what the result might have been had not the prosecuting attorney come to the rescue and convinced Mike that it would be better to remand the prisonor for trial before the district court.

After remaining in jail eight months the accused was duly convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.

Mike thought he was certainly vindicated when he heard the news.

"Just think," said he. "That idiot might have gone up for two years and had a third of his time served now!"—Youth's Companion.

The First Engraving.

It is a very odd fact that we have no authenticated portrait of Cicero. This will be surprising news to most people, for more busts and statues are assigned to him than to any "Roman of them all," excepting the Cæsars, but antiquarian critics reject them all nowadays. They may be true, but there is no evidence. We may feel a comfortable certainty, however, that the familiar face and figure are correct. Cicero would not be restrained by indolence or modesty from sitting as often as he was asked. Every gentleman who took pride in his library would have the great man's bust in its place among the other authors, for such was the fashion.

There was another fashion of the kind much more interesting. We are used to class engravings among the modern arts. But the Romans had a method of inserting the likeness of a writer in his book, which, to say the least, served the purpose of engraving. Martial and Seneca and Cicero allude to it. The invaluable Pliny gives a clear statement, but he does not seem to have understood the process. "By some means or other," says he, "Marcus Varro introduced the portraits of 700 individuals in his numerous books, as he could not bear the idea that all trace of their features should be lost." These illustrations were reproduced somehow, for "not only did Varro confer immortality"—upon the author's features—"but also he transmitted them to all parts of the earth, so that anywhere it might be possible to see them." Pliny calls this a "most blessed invention," and if it were not engraving, what could it have been? The learned have been inquiring and debating for 300 years, but they will never agree. Any day, however, Herculaneum may yield some old papyrus which will decide the question.—London Standard.

"Her Speech an Accent."

No section may exclusively claim Octave Thanet and say, "She is mine," in the sense that Miss Murfree belongs to Tennessee or Miss Wilkins to New England, writes Mary J. Reid in The Ladies' Home Journal. Miss Alice French was born in Andover, Mass., her ancestors on both sides belonging to well known New England and Virginian families, such as the Mortons and Lees. When but 5 years old, her father removed to Davenport, Ia., but she was sent to Andover to be graduated from the same seminary which her Grandmother French had attended when a girl. There are strong fibers in her nature which draw her to the south and midwest. Some portions of those regions she says she knows like her own soul.

Her fair complexion, fathomless blue eyes, light brown hair and also her tender conscience and love of learning ally her to New England. Her manners, speech and magnificent physique are southern, while her humorous mouth and vigorous, practical mind bespeak her a daughter of the west. A long residence at the south and a study of various dialects have somewhat affected her pronunciation. "If Miss French were a foreigner," a New England poet remarked, "I should call her speech an accent," but I have heard the same pronunciation in old Virginian and Maryland families.

Fall of the Parisian Appetite.

The statistics of 1894 show that each Parisian ate 16 pounds less than his annual average of meat. The consumption has diminished yet further during the course of the present year. This is due to the higher prices caused by the exclusion of American and other meats under the alleged pretense of their unhealthfulness. The Society of Commercial and Industrial Economy of Paris holds that the working people have been enfeebled and made more liable to disease as a result of this limitation of their food supply. In other words, by excluding our meats on false pretenses France is punishing herself as well as doing injury to the United States.—Philadelphia Press.

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St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 466 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 123 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cityborne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 235 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3206 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bleier; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1039 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scamitt; T, L B Scnagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Aspnonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2039 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 259 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in S

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassat and Chicago av

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THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

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MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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P. M'HUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1316 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the October Term A. D. 1895. Nancy M. Hoener vs. Rosa Z. Kelly alias Rose Z. Kelly, Cassius M. Lawson, John W. Sexton, Henry K. Thornbusch and Horatio L. Wait. In Chancery. No. 147,560.

Notice is hereby given to the said John W. Sexton and Cassius M. Lawson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J GAULTER, Clerk.

P. McHugh, Compl't's Sol'r.
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